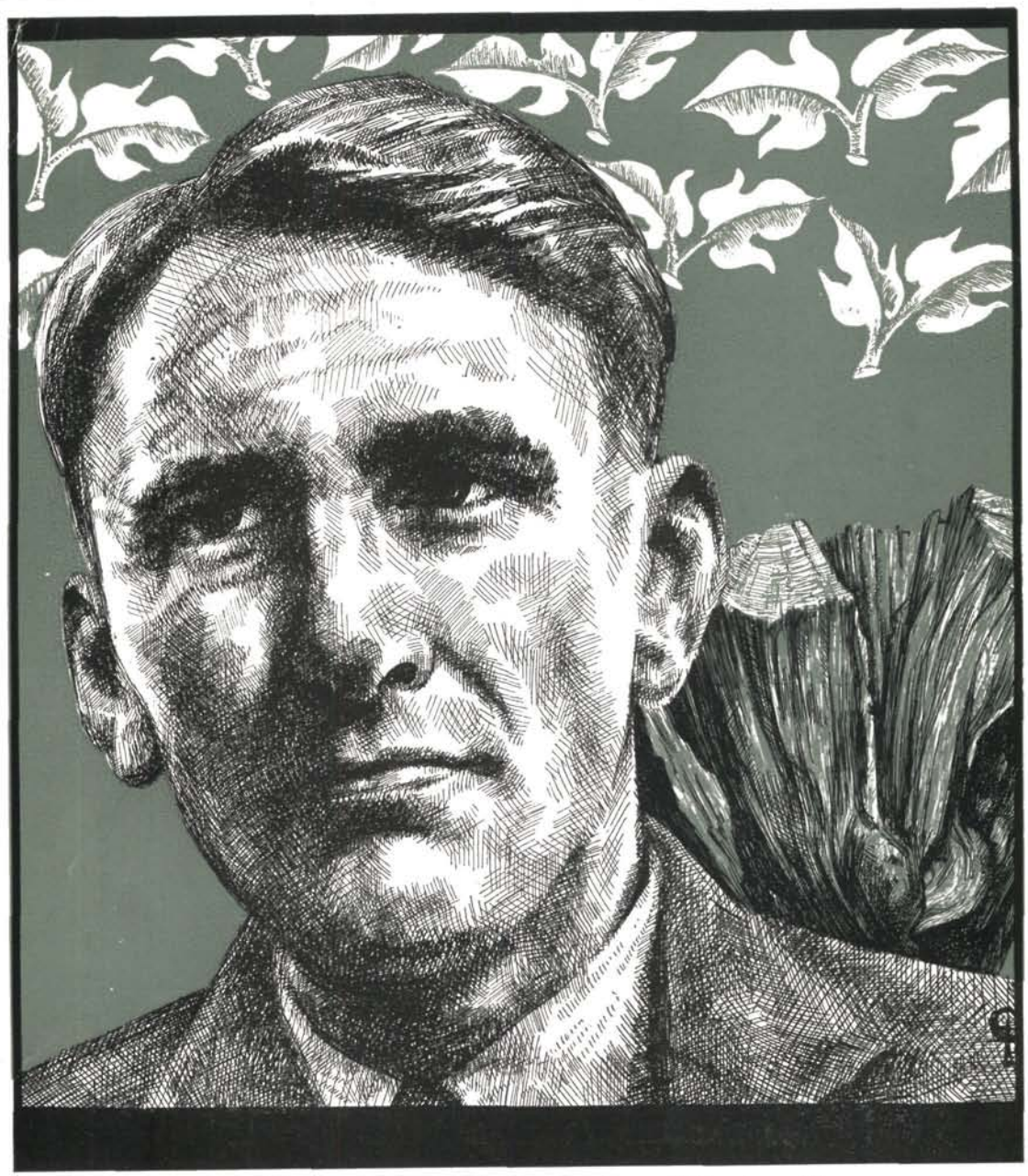
The Saturday Review of Literature

VOLUME XXX NO. 2 JANUARY 11, 1947 FIFTEEN CENTS

694 SUSQUEHANNA COLLEGE LIBRARY 9-7R
TUSCULUM COLLEGE
GREENEVILLE
TENN



Rex Warner, author of "The Aerodrome." (See page 9)

Cocarboxylase and General Lee

By WARNER OLIVIER

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lydia Bailey

BY

KENNETH ROBERTS

is the first novel in six years by the author of NORTHWEST PASSAGE and OLIVER WISWELL ...and is the first Kenneth Roberts novel in which a woman's character and beauty motivate a panoramic story of history, adventure, and romance.

488 pages, $3.00 • • • At your bookseller's

A DOUBLEDAY 50th ANNIVERSARY BOOK

Literary Guild Selection for January

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This Week

January 11, 1947

Cover Drawing by Frances O'Brien Garfield

Article

PAGE

COCARBOXYLASE AND GENERAL LEE
By Warner Olivier..... 7

Reviews

THE AERODROME
By Rex Warner
Reviewed by Ben Ray Redman..... 9

I WISH I'D WRITTEN THAT
Edited by Eugene J. Woods
Reviewed by Upton Sinclair.....11

THAT MAN IS HERE AGAIN
By Arthur Kober
Reviewed by Budd Schulberg.....13

PRIVATE ANGELO
By Eric Linklater
Reviewed by Robert Pick.....13

THE IRON CHAIN
By Edward Newhouse
Reviewed by Struthers Burt.....14

BETRAYAL IN THE PHILIPPINES
By Hernando Abaya
Reviewed by John Collier and Col. Wendell W. Fertig.....15

THE STRANGE ALLIANCE
By John R. Deane
Reviewed by D. Fedotoff White....17

EUROPEAN WITNESS
By Stephen Spender
Reviewed by Saul K. Padover.....18

AND THE BRAVEST OF THESE
By Katharine Roberts
Reviewed by Ann F. Wolfe.....19

WHITE MAN
By Peter Freuchen
Reviewed by Phil Stong.....19

A LITTLE YES AND A BIG NO
By George Grosz
Reviewed by H. W. Janson.....20

SLOW MUSIC
By Genevieve Taggard
Reviewed by James R. Caldwell.....31

Departments

TRADE WINDS
By Bennett Cerf..... 4
LITERARY I.Q.....12
EDITORIAL 22
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.....23
SEEING THINGS
By John Mason Brown.....24
HEARING THINGS
By Paul Henry Long.....28
LITERARY CRYPT.....29
THE NEW RECORDINGS
By Edward Tatnall Canby.....30
THE PHOENIX NEST
By William Rose Benét.....32
THE CRIMINAL RECORD.....33
DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 668.....35

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Lilian Grannon, Assistant Treasurer; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director. Subscriptions $6 a year; $7 in Canada. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U. S. Vol. XXX, No. 2. January 11, 1947. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue, Copyright, 1947, by Saturday Review Associates, Inc. Registered U. S. Patent Office.

New England Office
176 Federal Street, Boston 10, Mass.

Midwestern Office
814 North Tower Court, Chicago 11, Ill.

THE SWAN SANG ONCE
Marjorie Carleton
A masterpiece of suspense . . . its theme is beauty, treacherous, fatal beauty . . . Tay's friends wondered when he brought home the peerless singer, Iris, after a whirlwind courtship in Lisbon. They sensed the tension but could not see the outlines of the trap. For these two were man and wife, but they "shared an even closer, more intimate relationship. Each intended the death of the other, and each had a suspicion of the other's intention . . ."
$2.50 at bookstores
MORROW

LIABILITY

If you like to be walloped—you'll make tracks for a copy of this fast, tough mystery . . . "Just a routine assignment," the Los Angeles office told Sam Welpton, insurance investigator. But what started out as an ordinary claims check-up slipped into homicide—with Sam the people's choice for the gas chamber.

$2.50 at bookstores

LIMITED BY JOHN A. SAXON

A MILL CIRCLE MYSTERY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRADE Winds

THE CUSTOMERS ALWAYS WRITE

TUCKED INTO A CORNER of *The New York Times* drama section a few Sundays ago was a report that Thornton Wilder had both a new play and a new novel hatching in his home near Hartford. The play, which will be produced by Arthur Hopkins, bears the intriguing working title of "The Sandusky, Ohio, Mystery Story." Regarding the novel, Mr. Wilder writes:

> It's pretty early to say anything about the novel. It's still only half finished and it has no name yet. About all that's fit to tell about it is two things: it's told in letters, and it's laid in the ancient world.
>
> By the time you receive this note, Ruth Gordon's "Years Ago" will have opened in New York. I saw it twice in Boston. I think you'll agree that Ruth's play is very fine and Freddie March wonderful. [I do. B. C.]

FROM JIM NELSON, formerly of *SRL,* and now an executive at NBC:

> Your fine "Visit to Boston" caught the fascination the city has for a bookman and even for a bookman-turned-radio-huckster — the bookshops on narrow streets, the McIntyres and Dragons, the tradition in Boston's stores, and all the rest. I count it an experience to have been there once when a *Transcript* editorial, with splendid simplicity, described the town as "this citadel of intellectuality."
>
> You mention the Ritz with affection—an admirable hotel, it seems to me, because its Continental flavor mixes in some subtle and surprising way with Arlington Street, the Botanical Gardens, and Beacon Hill.
>
> At the opposite end of the Common is a monument of an hotel which, as you know, fits Boston in a more conventional way—the old Bellevue. It was there, years ago, that George Ross, then of Little, Brown, introduced me to crotchety Professor Charles Townsend Copeland, of Harvard. Scribner's had just published a new "Copey's Reader," and to make conversation I said: "I see Scribner's are doing well by you this year." "The hell they are," said Copey. "I am doing well by them."
>
> And George told me how one night some of Copey's selected students, waiting in his Cambridge apartment for the master to return, amused themselves by holding a roll of toilet paper on a pencil roller in the draft of the fireplace—producing from the chimney top a fantastic streamer for the old boy's eyes as he walked home.
>
> I made a semi-sentimental pilgrimage to Boston several weeks ago, and I saw him again—shuffling around in the Harvard Co-op. A woman clerk was trying to sell him a book, and I stood to watch.
>
> "Take this," she said, " 'The Happy Profession'."
>
> "That's by whom?" asked Copey.
>
> "Ellery Sedgwick," said the clerk.
>
> "Sedgwick? Sedgwick?" said Copey, "What does he call the happy profession?"
>
> "Why," said the clerk, "he was the editor of the *Atlantic*—editing, I guess."
>
> "Oh, yes," said Copey, "a fine chap. But I don't see why I should buy his book."
>
> So do Cantabrigians put one another in place.
>
> But he bought it, ordered it sent home, and said plaintively, "I hope it will be around tomorrow. I shall need it at 1:30."

EDGAR V. M. GILBERT, the sage of Lake Placid, no lika da asterisk:

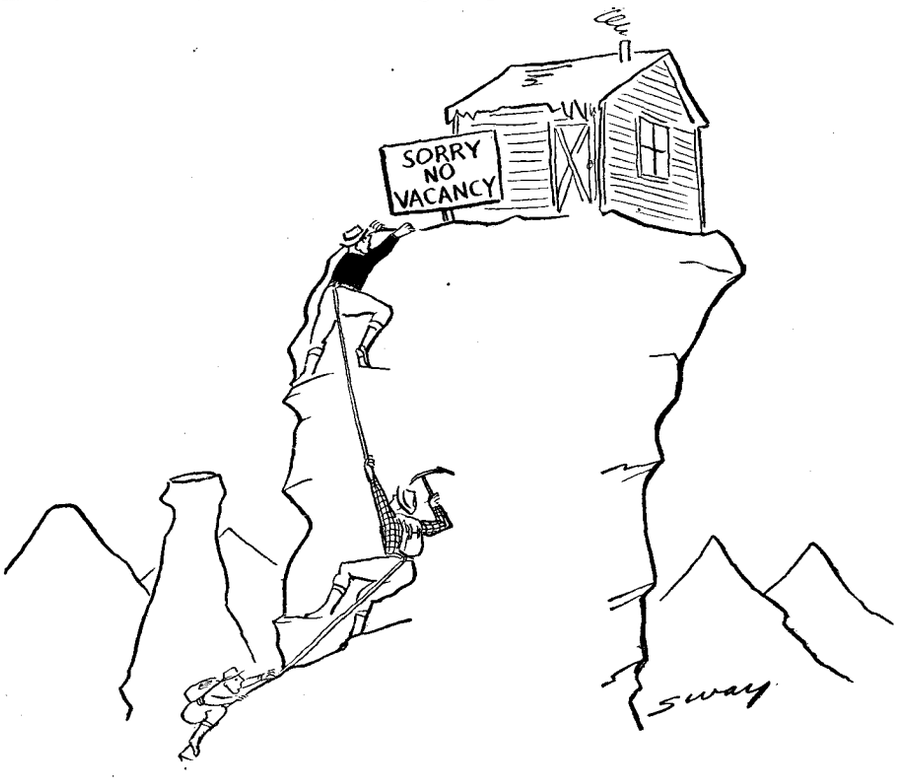
> Dear Trade Winds: Here's something I'd like talked about, aired, explained, and abolished. The asterisk. The small-type footnote. The reference to the back of the book. A deliberate handicap to readability. A deterrent to getting on. An incitement to irritation. If the note is worth putting in, why not right on the same line in parentheses if you will. If it's not worth putting in, forget it! How about doing something about it? [The writer of this column has hated asterisks since the day he first discovered them—at the age of fourteen—in an under-the-counter copy of "Mlle. de Maupin." B. C.]

ROBERT TALLANT, AUTHOR of "Voodoo in New Orleans" (Macmillan), is being deluged with mail from all parts of the country, asking for voodoo powders, witches' brew, and—in one case showing above-average intelligence, a share of the royalties. He submits the following as the prize of the lot to date:

> Dear Sir: I happen to see adv. in Washington paper. I don't want to hurt anyone but would Like to get my man so no other woman Can't Take him from me, would like to have him So that he won't pay any attention to no other woman but me, that he will do anything That I want done, at the present Time other women has him under control if you can send anything to fix him (not hurt) him Let me know by return mail and what the charges will be. I might tell you that he is a professional man (undertaker), He is single, about 52 years old and he flirts with all the women. Let me hear from you right away. I am a widow. So is he. Yours truley.

HIS "LYDIA BAILEY" launched with almost deafening fanfare, Kenneth Roberts has gone off to Nassau to begin work on his next novel. That he lost no time there in discovering the really important facts of life in the Bahamas is evidenced in his letter to Trade Winds, just received:

> As you predicted, I have no squawks to make about this place. We found an elegant cook, a second maid, a laundress, and a yardman installed at a total of $44 a week; and when I went out to look over the social, political and economic situation, I found Cutty Sark selling for $48 a case, Ballantine's for a hair more, Gilbey's gin for $24 a case, Imperial quarts of Gilbey's Spey Royal for $6 a bottle, and fish in the big market that are even superior to pompano and whitefish.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"After several drinks you're supposed to blow it in somebody's face."

We have certainly been fortunate in the house we got. It's straight across the harbor from the Porcupine Club and has a little bathing beach of its own about 90 ft. long. I love it.

BLANCHE GRIFFIN, of Paul Elder's Bookstore in San Francisco, submits the following, written, obviously, from a full heart:

THE IMPOSSIBLE

I would like to meet a mother
Of a child of two or three
Who would not scorn the simple rhymes
My mother read to me.

I would like to meet a mother
Of a child of four or five
Whose brain was not superior
To any child's alive.

I would like to meet a mother
Of a child of six or seven
Who did not know all to be known
Of either earth or heaven.

I would like to meet a mother
Of a child of eight or nine
Whose brain was mediocre
Instead of superfine.

And I'd like to meet a mother
Who'd admit her child was *dumb*—
But *I* work in a bookstore
So that day will never come!

FROM ROBIN McKOWN, of the Book-of-the-Month Club:

I was very impressed with your story in *The Saturday Review of Literature* about the splendid work being done at Hunterdon County. Someone here at the Book-of-the-Month Club called my attention to the fact that we are actually exceeding the excellent record of that group.

The Book-of-the-Month Club has "adopted" seventy-nine French orphans of the Resistance, to each of whom they send two packages a month. Since we started this plan last June more than nine hundred packages have gone out.

Our plan works in this way: fifteen employees give ten cents each a week to the support of one orphan. All the food is bought wholesale, and the Book-of-the-Month Club pays the postage. In addition, *all* of our executives have "adopted" individual orphans, including Mr. Scherman, Mr. Wood, Harry Abrams (who has two of them), Amy Loveman, Edwin Seaver, and Harry Dale.

FROM MYRA THOMPSON:

When I was working for a charity foundation many years ago, my particular job one summer was to round up stage and screen stars and get them to appear at our institutions, at the same time arranging for newsreel men to make pictures of the entertainments. After long negotiations, I finally cornered Harpo Marx and pinned him down to a promise to appear in the solarium of Mount Sinai Hospital to play the harp for the patients. Incidentally, the president of the hospital refused to let him chase a nurse around the roof for the newsreel men. Just to make sure he kept the appointment, I went to his apartment to fetch him to the hospital. As he closed the door behind him, the phone rang. Should he go back again to see who it was? "No," said Harpo, "I'm not going back. It's probably you again."

I HAVE A FEW new stories about Harpo Marx myself, but they'll have to wait for some week when contributors leave a little room for me! Meanwhile, thank you all kindly!

BENNETT CERF.

"From where I sit"

IT is curious that Berchtesgaden, the nest of that shabby yet erstwhile dominant eagle should have been in Haydn's time renowned for its children's toys. From children's toys to Hitler!

To this almost hysterical irony, GEORGE MILLAR adds the picture of American colonels who spit out windows into the beautiful valleys of post-war Germany. If people do not read **My Past Was an Evil River** because they *think* it must be another war book, they will be making a big mistake. If they do look at the book, they will find that it deals not with war, but its aftermath, that wonderful post-war world we are helping to build with jeeps painted pink and MP's from the Ozarks. Listen to this, for example:

"It was not without a certain loose grace, however, that the American soldiers lounged around their trucks. Many shouted and moved nervously about the already untidy halting place. Others sat in attitudes of exaggerated fatigue, chewing at the chemical things they put in their mouths, or smoking fat, sweet-smelling cigarettes, staring vacantly with liverish eyes which did not bother to comprehend the exquisite trees and mountains which surround them." This is Gustave talking, Gustave the forced laborer from France, Gustave the Frenchman who had remained behind in Germany to serve as protector to a woman who had lost her husband and son in the war. To Gustave "a Chinese army, an army of Hindus, an army of apes, could have not seemed more strange."

You ought to know from the books he has written in the past (*Horned Pigeon,* and *Waiting in the Night*), that GEORGE MILLAR can write. In this book, he not only writes, but he manages to write like a Frenchman, Gustave, sometimes pitiless, sometimes gentle, always accurate. This is not the sort of story you read to see how it comes out. It can't come out because it is out all the time, it's there, that's all, and when you read it you are there in the uncertain world of Europe and your fighting men who drink and rape now that fights are scarcer. What is this world coming to? It has come to this, this is what it is.

paul

DOUBLEDAY 50th Anniversary

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Woman at Sea

LAST SUMMER there was a particular Sunday afternoon. Earlier in the week one of our friends said, in that horribly jolly tone used by fishermen and people who love babies, "How would you like to go fishing?" And so this Sunday came along. Being fairly sedentary, and also from reasonable and peaceful country in which people fish in lakes, we just didn't consider the Ocean. We thought in terms of a little place tucked away in the Jersey hills, with trolling perhaps or some light casting, and agreed. What we said was "wonderful" and went back to work. Later in the week our friend was back to make specific arrangements, and with a slow double-take we gathered that what we were really going to do was go fishing on the Ocean. In a 26-foot boat, he said.

That was still all right. We had always been a part of that huge inland group known as Armchair Lovers of the Sea; we read the sea stories of Jacland Marmur and C. S. Forester, and what if we had previously thought of measurements like 26-foot in terms of a living room? That's a pretty fair-sized living room, we thought. What we learned is that 26-foot boats have nothing at all in common with 26-foot living rooms. A 26-foot boat is, in fact, a very small boat indeed and the look of the Atlantic Ocean is quite different from the bottom of a wave looking up than it is from the deck of even a small liner, looking down. Waves, of course, move. Fish are unimportant. What matters is survival and naturally we survived. But for a long time we did not look closely at seascapes. The outdoor Art Fair around Washington Square was enough to send us uptown to some substantial and un-nautical portraits at the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Gradually, by thinking of things like deserts, the first bruises went away. We encouraged the good, solid, stone-and-cement feel of our twenty-four dollar island and presently we could look at the dust jacket of MOBY DICK. A few more days and we had almost started a sea story serial in a magazine, and ultimately the cure was complete, from an armchair point of view. The world in microcosm going somewhere on a boat is now very nearly what it used to be. But the memory of that little 26-foot boat between us and the Atlantic has made the fictional dangers of someone else—a great deal farther at sea—much closer than they ever seemed before.

We've just now finished reading a new novel by Jacland Marmur, and it seems to us that Mr. Marmur never has done a better job. Here is spirit and adventure and tragedy and hope played out against the deep, swift mystery of the Pacific. But although ANDROMEDA is a sea story in the very best Marmur tradition, it is very particularly a story for people who are adults now. Andromeda was the last ship out of Singapore before the Japanese invasion. She was loaded and waiting for passengers when the enemy was bottling up the Sunda Strait, and when she left with her crew and two passengers it was to try her luck unarmed, but with the kind of futile and beautiful gallantry which has turned defeat into victory before, although perhaps not again. She had an impossible thing to do and a chunk of people aboard who wanted to do it.

Mr. Marmur, who was a merchant seaman for a number of years, is well equipped to get the feel of a ship on paper. But aside from that special ability he has, in good measure, the prerequisite of any good and successful novelist—the ability to make his people real people. Andromeda and her captain, Mr. Kenross, will not go away immediately when you have finished the book; nor will the philosophy of Mr. Wainwright, chief engineer, who thought of Andromeda as a microcosm of the world. But if by any chance the sea means nothing to you, the love of Nancy Paget and John Flemming may. Theirs is as fresh and uncloying a love as you will find in the turning of a great many pages, and it takes a master story teller to fit the elements of a world into 279.

We're looking forward to another deserved success for Mr. Marmur with the publication of ANDROMEDA and from our personal point of view, we've rarely had a better time of biting the sea that bit us.

Andromeda

AT ALL BOOKSTORES
HENRY HOLT & COMPANY

By JACLAND MARMUR

$2.75

Advertisement

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review of Literature

Cocarboxylase and General Lee

WARNER OLIVIER

Nothing can be more reasonable than that we should . . . acknowledge that sin really deserves the punishment . . . declared to be its due. That punishment is so awful that nothing but a profound reverence . . . and some adequate conception of the evil of sin can produce a sincere acquiescence in its justice. Yet nothing can be more certain than that this punishment is the proper measure of the ill-desert of sin.

If the permanent moral dispositions of a man are evil, it follows that his acts of transgression will be past counting up. Every hour there is some work of evil, some wrong thought, some improper word, or some wicked act to add to the number of his offenses. The evil exercise of an evil heart is like the ceaseless swinging of the pendulum.—From "The Way of Life," by Dr. Charles Hodge of the Princeton Theological Seminary (Philadelphia), 1841.

WHEN Dr. Hodge wrote "The Way of Life," sin was in its heyday, master of a great slice of the earth. It walked abroad in seven-league boots and battened on weak mankind. That was about the year that my Grandmother was born.

When the Japanese opened their bomb bays over Pearl Harbor, it is doubtful if they had any hostile intentions toward such a long and firmly established institution as sin. The fact remains that they helped put it on the toughest and most perilous spot of its long and reasonably triumphant life. What the Japs did that Sunday on Oahu was to open wide the door of opportunity to psychiatry, sin's most serious competitor, and the neuromental shock troops were through it before you could say, "Strangers, follow me on the street!"

The result has been some sensational reshuffling of values—reshuffling that to my Grandmother, or any contemporary psychiatrist's grandmother, would have been tantamount to feeding the Devil vitamin pills. Our grandparents had some words for the poor, tired man who wouldn't hold a job. You can bet your favorite neurosis they didn't call him an unstable personality. And they believed a hero in battle was a man of bravery and intrepidity, not, perhaps, a fellow with a mania or a delusion or too much adrenalin who couldn't help being brave.

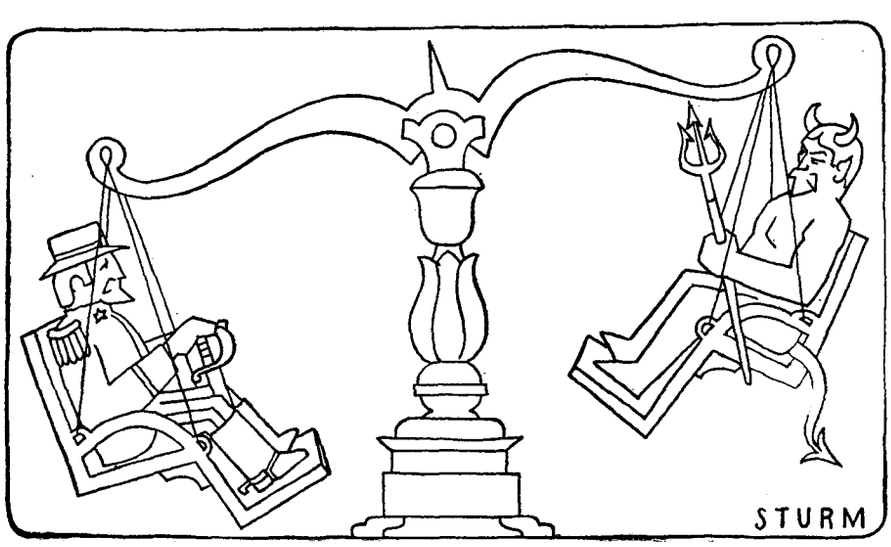
Psychiatrists, while in the van, were not alone in storming the long-held citadel of sin and misbehavior. They had the strong and active support of the endocrinologists, who blame glands for anti-social conduct, the nutritionists who blame malnutrition, the child guidance group who blame parents and the biochemists who blame an imbalance of body chemicals.

Several years before Pearl Harbor a well-known biochemist made this statement:

> In the future when a man behaves in a criminal manner, we will not say that he is crazy or vicious. Instead, we will know that too much pyruvic acid has accumulated in his thalamic cells, or that there is no cocarboxylase operating in his thalamis. We will be able to tell that he did not grow enough association neurones descending from his cortex, so that now he does not deliver enough acetylchlorine to his midbrain.

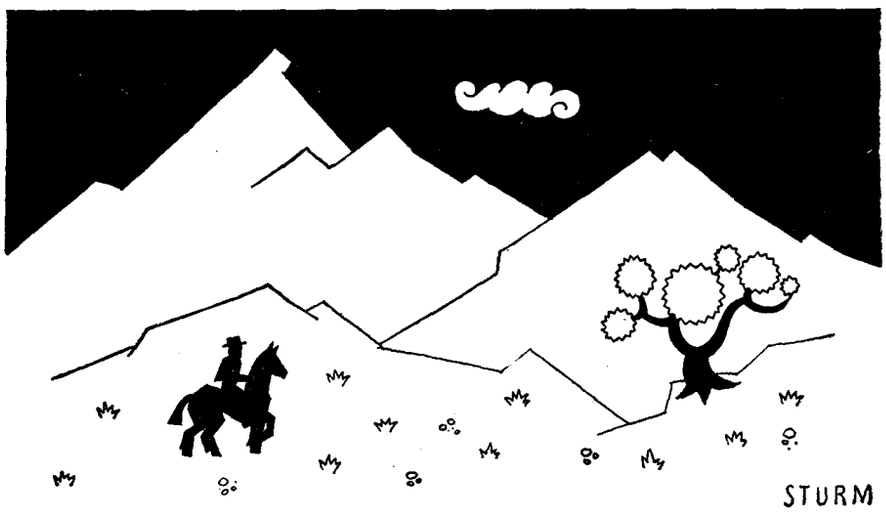
We know today that no child is bad. Take any little hellion of your acquaintance, little Polly, say. If you tell little Polly she ought to study her lesson and she says, no, damn it, she won't and throws a book at you, is little Polly bad? Nonsense. She merely isn't properly adjusted. She may be a victim of glandular disfunction, maybe she has a feeling of insecurity because she overheard Mama asking Papa who that blonde was he was giving the eye, or perhaps she is unable to meet her playmates on their own level because her hair is done in old-fashioned pigtails and tied with a ribbon. There are any number of things which may be wrong with little Polly. The only thing which can't be wrong with her is simon-pure cussedness.

If little Polly had been a contemporary of our grandmothers, knowing and fervent-spoken people would have said that she was a bad, spoiled brat and the therapeusis indicated was a good, sound paddywhacking. If anybody had suggested to my Grandmother that little Polly was not bad, but merely maladjusted, she would have had a word to cover the melancholy situation: "Fiddlesticks!" She had her own yardstick of behavior. On the bad end was the Devil and on the good end was General Lee. It is because of my Grandmother that today's



"On the bad end was the Devil and on the good end was General Lee."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Mr. Finley rode kissless over the mountains . . ."

tendency to treat sin as a neuropsychiatric-endocrinological-nutritional pattern of behaviorism make me think of General Lee. It seems like sacrilege, too.

In my grandmother's view, everything that to General Lee was sin wasn't and in about the same proportion. In her youth, I gather, my grandmother was a great "sass." While God to her was an Awful Integer, I think that with provocation she might have brought herself to "sass" God, if she were in the mood for it, just as she used to "sass" the Yankee soldiers. But she would never have "sassed" General Lee any more than she would have taken sin light-heartedly (or psychiatrically) and been nonchalant about it.

GOD was something in heaven, Authority, and occasionally one defies Authority. But Sin and General Lee were forces which walked the earth—forces you might run into any time in Virginia. My Grandmother had powerful emotional reasons to think of both of them as personal forces, forces a lot closer than God who sat far off in a Heaven which hadn't known a Civil War since Lucifer's time, and probably hadn't heard a Rebel yell even then.

When my Grandmother was a young girl just emerging into womanhood, the war was raging all around her. The Battle of Piedmont was fought on her father's farm all one day. She saw the Yankees in full retreat, their wagon trains rumbling away from there as rapidly as possible. And she heard the repeated cry go up on the Confederate side, as its leader fell in battle: "General Jones is killed!" She always said the Confederates were fools to have given the show away like that, for the Yankee Army and its wagon trains turned and started back to see how they could do against the Rebel Army without General Jones. They did all right.

That evening the wounded filled the place. I don't think my Grandmother thought it was a sin to be a Yankee except under certain circumstances. She got a great kick out of "sassing" such Yankees as were unwounded and able to defend themselves against her tongue. She told them they were "scalawags" and "rapscallions." I am not sure there was not some coquetry in this. But to the dying Maryland boy, whose wound she dressed that night I think she spoke more in sorrow than in anger as she sat with him in his last hour. She told him that he "ought to be ashamed of himself." He, a Marylander, fighting for the North! He told her, yes, ma'am, he knew he ought, the implication being (as she told the story years later) that he was pretty penitential about it. He even told her he had two brothers fighting on the Southern side. If he smiled as he admitted his culpability and if he made up the tale of his two brothers to please her, I don't know. Perhaps he did both—as an amused gesture to the spoiled young lady who was his ultimate hostess on earth. But when she told his tale, as she often did in her old age, my Grandmother recounted it as a great victory for herself. She had snatched a brand from the burning and not, of course, a moment too soon. If another Yankee soldier went to his Maker that night, at least, thanks to her, he went penitent. And my Grandmother, whose Bible, when I knew her, was in dog-eared tatters from constant searching, believed that, though one's sins be as scarlet, yet shall they be as white as snow. At least she believed it theoretically. There might be cases which she knew of personally in which doubt could be entertained.

Such I am sure were some of the "fast pieces" she encountered at intervals during her eighty-five years. Today's psychiatrists would say that her contemptuous dismissal of a young lady as a "fast piece" probably indicates the narrow margin of her own victory in girlhood over the temptation to be a "fast piece" herself. Just what a "fast piece" was in those days, I have never been quite sure. Judged by current standards, the Civil War "fast pieces" probably were not gaited to too dizzy a pace. I suspect that a girl merely had to allow a few stolen kisses in the moonlight from one or more cavalier boy friends to be considered a very fast piece, indeed, though I may be mistaken. Certainly the times frowned on such behavior and, in my Grandmother's case, a strict Presbyterian upbringing whispered its righteous wiles in her ear, for her family, the Finleys, were Scotch.

She had heard her mother tell of her own courtship. Samuel Finley had to ride 150 miles over the Alleghenies into the Greenbrier Valley near Lewisburg, then Virginia, to woo Sarah Ann McClung. After a decent number of these trips, Samuel asked Mr. McClung for permission to pay his addresses to "Miss Sarah Ann," and, permission being granted, the addresses were paid and accepted. There was no love-making beyond arch glances and stilted phrases—the accepted ritual of the time and place.

The wedding was to be celebrated a few months hence and on the night before my great-grandfather was to return home, he asked Sarah Ann if he might have the honor of kissing her. Her reply became a family byword. She said, "No, Mr. Finley."

Mr. Finley rode kissless over the mountains and waited till the wedding. Sarah Ann called him "Mr. Finley" to the day of his death and always spoke of him as "Mr. Finley" after he had ridden over his last earthly mountains.

MY Grandmother, the oldest of Sarah Ann's and Samuel's children, was born in Lewisburg to which Sarah Ann returned when the time of her first child's coming drew near. It was always a source of considerable shame to my Grandmother that she was born in that section of Virginia which subsequently became West Virginia. When at the age of eighty-one she went to register in order to cast her vote for the first time, she wrote her birthplace as "Lewisburg, Va."

"But, Mrs. Grattan, Lewisburg is in West Viriginia," the clerk remonstrated.

"Fiddlesticks," she told him. "It ought to be ashamed of itself. It was Virginia when I was born there. I was born in *Virginia.*"

The clerk said "Yes, ma'am," and

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

my Grandmother was put on the registration lists as a native of Virginia.

My Grandmother became engaged to my Grandfather when the War began and they were married during the middle of it, about 1863, I believe. It was sometime between these two dates that Colonel Willis came and went. That is to say he went in substance. In spirit I think he tarried until the day of my Grandmother's death, sixty-odd years later. I think that during the brief days of Colonel Willis's proximity, my Grandmother had a very near brush with becoming a fast piece. Colonel Willis must have been a Clark Gable of his time, a gentler, archer sort of Gable, perhaps, than our contemporary. Except for the fortunes of war, my Grandmother might never in her life have spoken bitterly of fast pieces. Subsequently and subconsciously, I think, she always felt that fate had cheated her, or she had cheated herself, of an experience. What that experience might have been—marriage or merely a stolen kiss in the moonlight—I do not know. None of her children or grandchildren was ever able to decide just what role Colonel Willis had played in her life, other than that it was a memorable one.

THOUGH she mentioned Colonel Willis now and again throughout her life, she was perversely, even sharply, coy about giving any information about him. We knew that Colonel Willis was a handsome man. We knew that he was a very brave man, though how my Grandmother knew that, I don't know. But we never knew where he had come from and we didn't know whom he was kin to. About these things my Grandmother was darkly secretive, and that in itself was very strange. In the Virginia of a few generations ago, you conceivably might not know whether a man still carried his appendix and gallstones in defiance of the surgeons, or whether he wore false teeth, but certainly you would know whom he was kin to. He would always be a cousin of somebody or other. That was a brand he wore through life. So far as we were able to learn, Colonel Willis was kin to no one. He might have sprung full from the brow of Jove except that in that day if Jove's brow had had the temerity to appear in Virginia to bestow offspring, there would have been such a tremendous lifting of Virginian's own eyebrows as to have sent Jove's into hasty and skulking retreat. For one thing, Jove's brow itself had no lineage to speak of.

So we knew little, indeed, of Col-

(*Continued on page* 33)

What Shall We Do to Be Saved?

THE AERODROME. By Rex Warner. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1947. 336 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

THIS novel's subtitle, "A love story," is as vague as it is simple, for its promise might be fulfilled equally well by the delivery of another "Anna Karenina" or another "Rosary." So the reader, who is making his first acquaintance with Rex Warner's fiction, reads it and wonders. Then he comes to a prefatory note which provides more grist for speculation. "Authors," writes Mr. Warner, "often place at the beginning of their books a disclaimer to the effect that 'all characters and scenes hereafter described are entirely fictitious.' In my case anyone who has read my other books will know that such a disclaimer is unnecessary. I do not even aim at realism. And in this book my two worlds, 'village and aerodrome,' are of course not intended to describe any village or air force in the world."

This causes the uninformed reader to ask: If not realism, then what? "The Aerodrome" answers this question gradually, with a steady narrative thrust and a controlled atmosphere of excitement that make the experience of hearing the answer uncommon, stimulating, and satisfying. It is hard to believe that anyone could finish this novel without wishing to begin, as soon as possible, the others its author has written. There are talents that stand tall in the crowd, while there are others of notable stature that have nothing to do with crowds. Mr. Warner's talent is obviously of the second order.

Aiming at something that is not realism, "The Aerodrome" takes off from the firmest of realistic runways. It begins with a young man who has just celebrated his twenty-first birthday, lying face down in the mud of a marsh, drunk, shaken, and dismayed. A few hours earlier he has been told that the man and woman whom he has always called father and mother are not his parents. Suddenly he is rootless, lost in space, for he does not know who he is. He cannot be sure that he belongs to the village in which he has grown up, nor even to the country he has taken for granted as his own.

From this beginning, in which belief is won by a careful factuality of statement, by a way of writing eye-to-eye with the reader which recalls Bunyan and Defoe and Kafka, both narrator and listeners are launched on a flight of discovery. Together, the young man and we who accompany him learn, through successive revelations, what kind of person he is, and what kind of world it is he inhabits. And at the same time we are presented with a clarifying view of ourselves and our own world; for we have not read many pages of Mr. Warner's convincing prose before we realize that he is an accomplished allegorist who is speaking to us of great matters in terms of symbols and simplifications. Indeed, his subject matter is the most important one with which any writer of our day can deal.

The village in which Roy has grown up is old: the aerodrome, which has come into being a mile distant, is new. The one clings to the imperfections of the past, while the other aspires to perfections which can be found, if anywhere, only in the future. From the point of view of the Air Force, the villagers, with their rectory, their squire, and their pub, are contemptible. Their lives are muddled and their government is muddled, for both are based on a faith that nobody properly understands. As the air vice marshal declares to a rising class of fliers: "Those who exist under such a regime must be slaves, incapable of clarity and consistency either in thought or action, drunk or hopelessly in love when they are not touching their caps to an employer or performing in accordance with some outworn system of mechanical and often unnecessary task. And in the cities you will see even worse things."

It is one of the duties of the Air Force to defend this indefensible civ-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ilization. But there are other duties, as yet undisclosed to the majority of the airmen, which will be revealed in due course. Meantime, those who wear wings must learn to live free of past ties and future fears, to put aside parents and all others, and love itself, for the sake of an ideal of which the vice-marshal is the eloquent prophet; for, as he is even now willing to tell the rank and file, the Force aims at nothing less than becoming "a new and more adequate race of men." What he does not tell them, what Roy learns when he rises to one of the highest positions of trust at the aerodrome, is that science will soon make all but a few "controlling" figures unessential to the Force's secret program. Ordinary pilots can easily be discarded in favor of automatically managed robots. And Roy also learns from the vice-marshal that this program aims not at defense, but at transformation: that it is against the very "souls of the people themselves" that war will be waged: "Think of them as earthbound, grovelling from one piece of mud to another, and feebly imagining distinctions between the two, incapable of envisaging a distant objective, tied up for ever in their miserable and unimportant histories, indeed in the whole wretched and blind history of man on earth. . . . We shall destroy what we cannot change."

This is the great plan, in the execution of which Roy almost participates. He acquires the airman's point of view, and learns to see the countryside as it appears from the sky, "where there is no feeling or smell of earth." But he is subject to other influences than the vice-marshal's, and these impel him to a fateful decision which profoundly shocks his commanding officer. The story of how he reaches this decision may be left in Mr. Warner's very able hands, and with it may be left Roy's whole personal story, involving his instructive love affairs with an unsophisticated girl and a highly sophisticated woman. There is no need to say anything here about the plot-threads of "The Aerodrome," except to say that they are strong and well-woven. But one more quotation is essential to an understanding of the book's meaning. Roy has been reflecting on the life aimed at by the Air Force, and then his thoughts turn to the life of the village:

> Yet I began to see that this life, in spite of its drunkenness and its inefficiency, was wider and deeper than the activity in which we were constricted by the iron compulsion of the air vice-marshal's ambition. It was a life whose very vagueness concealed a wealth of opportunity, whose uncertainty called for adventure, whose aspects were innumerable and varied as the changes of light and color throughout the year. It was a life whose unwieldiness was the consequence of its immensity. No skill could precisely calculate the effects of any action, and all action was dangerous. The fumbling conventions that had centered around church, manor, and public-house had been the efforts of generations of the dead to establish some basis of security in the middle of a mystery which to many of them had been delightful as well as startling. We in the Air Force had escaped from but not solved the mystery. We had secured ease for ourselves, discipline, and satisfaction. We had abolished inefficiency, hypocrisy, and the fortunes of the irresolute or the remorseful mind; but we had destroyed also the spirit of adventure, inquiry, the sweet and terrifying sympathy of love that can acknowledge mystery, danger, and dependence.

The game of attempting to establish precise correspondences between the details of allegory and those of reality is one that every reader of "The Aerodrome" may play for himself. It is possible that some persons will even be willing to accept this book, which was finished during the London blitz, as merely an indictment of Hitlerism, as merely an account of the rise and fall of the Nazi Lucifer. But, details aside, there would seem to be little doubt as to what Mr. Warner is talking about: talking wisely and well, in words that should command our attention. He is talking of the dilemma in which man finds himself, now that he has reached a point in his history when his old, untidy civilization appears to have become incapable of duration, while all the tidy and bright substitutes which can be imagined would seem to be laden with germs of cultural death. He is talking of imperfect civilization opposed to perfect barbarism; of man versus the science of his own creation; of the dignity of the blundering individual contrasted with the possible power of a mechanically efficient state. He is posing the fundamental questions of our time: How can we combine security and freedom? How can we eradicate the old evils without destroying the old goods? What shall we do to be saved?

He gives us no final answer, of course. But he states the situation beautifully, seeing it in the round. And, unless I mistake his meaning, he says that we may learn to live "together in confidence though never in certainty," not by virtue of planning from above, but by virtue of individual effort from below. In the eyes of the planners and legislators of perfection, this is a compromise position, of course. But perhaps it is the best of which man is capable; and, if it were held by enough of us, it would cease to be a compromise.

Many books are called important. I sincerely believe that this one is important, at least for our quickly passing day.

WHEN the critics declare that an author's work is literature, other authors, knowledgeable in the disillusioning business of popular taste, wonder what their colleague does to make a living. Rex Warner teaches. "My present job," he writes, "is that of director of the British Institute in Athens. I've been here for about a year, and shall stay till the spring. After that I may take a similar job in some European country nearer to England, but my plans are rather vague. For instance I'd like to have a month or two in the United States if I could lecture or do something to pay expenses . . . I do a certain amount of lecturing and am trying my hand at translating modern Greek poets, many of whom I admire very much." Thus it goes with one of the fine writers of our generation. Things may soon be looking up for Mr. Warner, however. "The Aerodrome" has been sold for publication in ten languages. Its three predecessors were received with critical acclaim: "The Wild Goose Chase," "The Professor," and "The Return of the Traveler." There was an early volume of poems, and next fall a book of essays, "The Cult of Power," will appear. Mr. Warner was born in Birmingham, England, in 1905, moving two years later to the Cotswolds, where his father became rector of a country parish. He won an open classical scholarship to Oxford, where among other things he played Rugby football. Later he performed for his county, Gloucestershire. His early stories appeared in *The Manchester Guardian* and *The New Statesman*. While teaching in Egypt he wrote his first novel. He served in the London Home Guard during the war, wrote film scripts for the Ministry of Information (acting in one of the shorts), and managed to finish "The Aerodrome" during the blitz.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If Writers Had a Magic Wand

UPTON SINCLAIR

THE editor of this volume* had the bright idea of asking a number of well-known American writers to answer the question: "Of what bit of literature would you be moved to say: 'I wish I'd written that'," Thirty-three writers specified their choices, and these choices have been included in a presentable volume of 420 pages. The present writer, being one of the thirty-three, received an advance copy and found it of interest for a special reason. For the past eight years he has been absorbed in the study of one period of the world's history, that of the two world wars, and his reading has of necessity been confined to the sources of information for that period. He sees the names of popular writers in book advertisements and best-seller lists, but does not have time to read these writers and to know their minds. But here they have revealed themselves in a quick and convenient way; for, obviously, what a man greatly admires, that he is, and what a writer wishes he had written is what he will try to write, consciously or not.

So here are my younger contemporaries, self-displayed. I won't name all of them, just enough to make clear that they are the headliners, those who set the standards of popular success. Ogden Nash, Christopher Morley, Kenneth Roberts, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, Louis Bromfield, Willa Cather, Robert Nathan, James Thurber, Clare Booth Luce, William Saroyan, William McFee, Richard Wright, Jesse Stuart, Kay Boyle, John Dos Passos, Westbrook Pegler, Irving Stone: obviously, these and as many more like them are popular literature and popular taste of our time, and you can learn about them by reading one book instead of thirty-three.

The first thing that struck me was the gaps in the book. The Bible, for example: the only writer who mentions it is Upton Sinclair, who includes four and one-half lines from the prophet Isaiah. Apart from this, the Continent of Asia does not exist for the leading writers of America. The Continent of Europe is represented by one extract from Tolstoy, submitted by Esther Forbes, an account of a wolf hunt and a fox hunt from "War and Peace." I am quite sure that Tolstoy himself would not have considered this adequate—he would have agreed with me in expecting something from the literatures of France, of Germany, of Italy. But apparently our American writers do not know the classics, or at any rate do not admire them; the Greeks and the Latins do not appear, and the most ancient writer in the book is Robert Burns. Joel Chandler Harris is here, but not Homer; Robert Benchley is here, but not Dante, Gertrude Stein is here, but not Shakespeare.

The thirty-two writers are all Americans, and I note that they favor their own kind of literature. More than two-thirds have chosen American writers, and more than half have chosen living writers or those who have died within the last few years. This is what is called being up to date; but some might call it provincialism. The writer who has carried off the prize is E. B. White, who has been chosen by three of his contemporaries; those who have been favored by two each are Francis Thompson, Rudyard Kipling, Sherwood Anderson, James Thurber, and Mark Twain. That uses up more than one-third of the space in the book.

I continue the list of what isn't included. Not long ago there was a question that you heard every day of your life in America: "Don't you know there's a war on?" Well, if you ask that question of our thirty-three writers, the answer is thirty-three no's. My memory may have slipped on some small detail, but I cannot recall any reference to the late great unpleasantnesses, or for that matter to the fact that any war has ever happened in the world. There is no pestilence or famine and only a couple of deaths, and these do not greatly concern us. Philosophy is represented by Professor Santayana, chosen by Professor Irwin Edman, another philosopher; the passage quoted presents some ancient Greeks discussing the universe, and the point of view is indicated by the title, "Normal Madness." After telling us that "moral terms are caresses or insults, and describe nothing," the ancient Greek decides to be "kindlier" to us, and tells us that "I will not prescribe instant death as the only medicine."

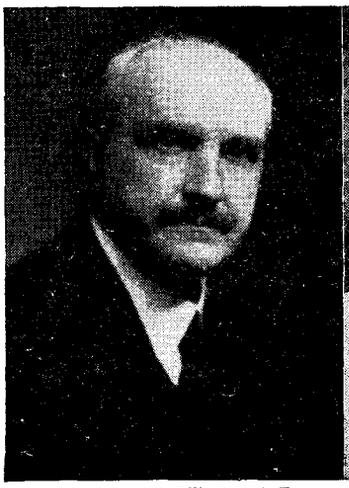
ALSO there is in the world a phenomenon known as religion. This is represented in the book by Francis Thompson's "The Hound of Heaven," presented by Clare Booth Luce, a recent convert to the poet's faith. Also there is "McAndrew's Hymn," by Kipling, and maybe Kipling and Mr. William McFee would call that religion; I cannot be sure. There is no science in the book, and biography is represented by a sketch of the boyhood of Paul Revere's father, by Esther Forbes. History is represented by "The Campaign of 1856," by Allan Nevins, which struck me as a rather flat bit of narrative. I quote one sentence: "The Democrats were sufficiently shrewd enough to take the offensive" —and I do not think that sentence belongs in the world's great literature.

Shelley has told us that "poets are the unacknowledged legislators of mankind." I assume that he meant the word "poets" in its broad sense; and I inquire what these thirty-two legislators are going to do with the future of their native land. They are plainly aware that there are many things wrong with it. The fiction writers are bitter in their contempt for it; they have sat up late and labored hard to acquire skill in order to pour out their displeasure. The longest story in the book, occupying more than one-seventh of the total space, or five times its proper share, is called "The Ballad of the Sad Café," by Carson McCullers. It is a frightful picture of life in the rural South, and tells how a convict and a malicious hunchback wreck a drinking place owned and run by a woman. They don't do this because they believe in prohibition—indeed, the writer gives us the feeling that this dive was the only spot of color in the community.

And there is Ring Lardner, exposing the crude and brutal materialism which comes out of South Bend, In-

I WISH I'D WRITTEN THAT. Edited by Eugene J. Woods. New York: Whittlesey House. 1946. 420 pp. $3.50.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



—*Elliott and Fry.*

George Santayana is the model philosopher Irwin Edman would emulate.

—*Louise Dahl-Wolfe.*

Carson McCullers occupies more than her share—one-seventh of the book.

—*Eric Schaal.*

Biography is represented by Esther Forbes's sketch, of the boyhood of Paul Revere's father.

E. B. White wins top honors, "chosen by three of his contemporaries."

diana. There is Sherwood Anderson, observing race-track life, and conveying to us the fact that the horses are magnificent and the men not; also that a traveling salesman who returns to the village of his boyhood will desire nothing but to get out of it again, and without delay. There is Scott Fitzgerald with a "Picture of a Party," presented by John Dos Passos —a horror of dulness and drunkenness. Westbrook Pegler prefers James Thurber's sketch called "One Is a Wanderer," and the meaning of it is that one who wanders about the streets of New York can find nothing to do but get drunk. And there is John O'Hara, preferred by Wolcott Gibbs, in a story called "Over the River and Through the Wood," which tells us that an elderly man who is only moderately rich is despised by his very rich relatives and feels desolate because of this.

Needless to say, this present writer has no objection to "muckraking," and is pleased to see realistic writing about the evils of our time. But the displaying of vice without any interpretation, of ugliness unrelieved by any remedy or hope of remedy, is itself an evil, a symptom, and a part of the decadence it reveals. I sought earnestly to discover what my fellow legislators intended to do about humanity's troubles, and learned that almost to a man and a woman they were resolutely determined to give no hint as to anything that anybody might do or wish to do about any evil whatever; they were determined to be taken as ivory-tower dwellers, aloof and above the battle.

Apart from the passages of Ruskin and Isaiah which I myself inserted, there are only faint traces of social revolt in this book. To be sure, Mr. E. B. White permits himself to flash scorn at John D. Rockefeller, Jr., for having destroyed a Rivera mural; but then, Rivera is a brother artist, not a coal miner or a sharecropper or other proletarian. Henry Seidel Canby takes us on a strictly individualistic revolt with Thoreau at Walden, but that, too, is for the élite only. Besides these, there is a picture of French workers in a power plant, by a writer named Alex Comfort, presented by Dorothy Canfield Fisher, and there is "The Cotter's Saturday Night," presented by Jesse Stuart with a fine tribute to Burns.

I would be glad if I could say otherwise, but I am forced to record my fear that this land of the pilgrim's pride, this sweet land of liberty, now caught in an era of world wars and revolutions, is not going to get much moral or intellectual help from its poets, novelists, and literary professors. "If the salt have lost its savor, wherewithal shall it be salted?"

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

NEWSPAPER MEN IN FICTION

The fictional characters in this week's quiz were closely associated with the newspaper business. Can you name them and the stories in which they appeared? Allowing 5 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 17.

1. Masterpieces of invective by this editor of the *Eatanswill Gazette* helped the Blue candidates for Parliament defeat the Buff.
2. Although he had just quit the *Chicago Herald-Examiner*, this star reporter couldn't pass up a scoop when he had the opportunity to hide an escaped murderer in the press room of the Criminal Courts Building.
3. When Senator Windrip and his Minute Men took over the government, this editor of the *Ft. Bugle* (Vt.) *Daily Informer* became a leader of the underground movement.
4. He was the founder of the *Oklahoma Wigwam*, the first newspaper to be published in the territory after it had been opened for settling.
5. This Russo-Japanese war correspondent scooped the whole world with a cablegram consisting of the initial words of trite newspaper phrases.
6. In the early days of his career, this London journalist lived in a room whose furniture was made of piles of old newspapers.
7. Every remark made by this reporter for the *Boston Herald* was accompanied by an anecdote revealing a little known but fascinating fact about some historical personage.
8. After a lawless gang of "whitecaps" had beaten this Indiana editor into senselessness, his girl friend took over his paper and managed it so well that he was nominated for Congress.
9. He was editor and publisher of the *Grover's Corners* (N. H.) *Sentinel*, a town where nothing ever happened except that the citizens were born, lived, and died.
10. Driving a horse and buggy through an icy night, this office boy for the *Philadelphia Press* scooped the town by delivering the story of a raided prize fight and a murderer's arrest.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Celluloidia Ten-Percenter

THAT MAN IS HERE AGAIN. By Arthur Kober. New York: Random House. 1946. 235 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by BUDD SCHULBERG

NO MATTER how entertaining Mr. Kober's sketches of an irrepressible, phrase-mangling Hollywood flesh-peddler may be when read individually in *The New Yorker,* they do not quite add up to the kind of book to be read at one sitting—or—since this is more likely to be bedtime fare—one reposing. Read as this reviewer has read them, however, at the leisurely rate of one or two an evening, the adventures of Benny Greenspan — the little Hollywood agent who "never takes no for an answer," and who usually winds up "occupyin' a ringside seat right behind the well-known eight-ball!"—are a highly diverting and good-humored slander of Celluloidia's ubiquitous ten-percenters.

Benny Greenspan is the type agent (or artists' representative, as he would prefer to be called) who is constantly on the alert to parley a sow's ear into a profitable client. Any likely looking chick, any run-down European refugee, any bar-rag of a has-been is grease-for-his-mill, as Benny would be apt to put it. "You mock my words," he solemnly assures these "perspective" clients as he holds out the easy promise of a big studio deal for at least "fordy grand." But no matter how many times Benny throws them in, low and inside, his pitches have a way of boomeranging and hitting him in the back of the head. As Benny sums himself up in one of his characteristic outbursts of self-pity, "I'm the dog evveybody is talkin' it shouldn't happen to."

If these few random specimens haven't already convinced you, you will just have to take this reader's word for it that Mr. Kober's ear for the less grammatical and more colorful aspects of human speech is both accurate and artistically selective. The late Damon Runyon rated him in "the major league," an evaluation with which this Kober fan concurs, though if he were pressed for something more specific, he would have to place him at the top of the second division. "Magnet of champagne," "high mental ilk," "drudge on the market," "using the old grain matter," "naughty pine," "disposition from the Pope," "nervous wretch," "biting my time," and other minor classics that Kober puts into the mouth of his engaging little literary dummy are good examples of the author's gift for real character-comedy dialogue. But here and there the integrity of the work is interrupted for a gag dragged in for its own sake, as when Benny calls Hollywood "a writers' Ethiopia," or wishes "to kill two birds with the similar stone."

While such straining for effect drops Benny Greenspan a notch or two below our pal Joey, he is a genuine creation nevertheless, a genial exaggeration of a type that does exist—as Kober has explained in a preface that doth protest unnecessarily—"on the periphery of any calling which offers an easy opportunity 'to hustle a fast buck'."

In case it may seem as if the situations which almost drive Benny "starch ravin' mad" are too outlandish, Mr. Kober has embellished his book with a set of program notes that let us in on the source of his stories. Hollywood truth, if we are to believe his neatly written footnotes, is not only as strange as Mr. K's fiction but just about as amusing.

Since this book does not make Benny Greenspan out to be as great a man as Albert Einstein, Bernard Baruch, Samuel Goldwyn, or Hank Greenberg, there will be the usual bleacher-cry of anti-Semitism. It can be stated, however, as a matter of first-hand knowledge, that Mr. Kober is not a member of the Kolumbians. Only the Kolumbians and the less objective of their intended victims will read anything more into this book than is immediately visible on the surface—the level on which this outrageous little character has been written.

His Heart's in the Right Place

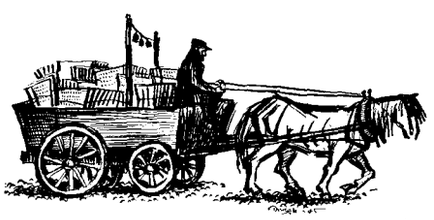
PRIVATE ANGELO. By Eric Linklater. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1946. 267 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

IN countries with compulsory military service the good-humored, resourceful, not-so-naïve naïve deserter or dodger has always been a popular figure on the stage or in fiction. Private Angelo won't prove an exception. Mr. Linklater has provided him with so many human and humorous traits, one soon forgets the long, long line of his literary precursors.

Thanks to his patron, an elderly hedonistic Roman count, Angelo has received a good education, but his schooling has not spoiled his natural instincts. He makes, as little people everywhere do, the best of it in every situation. And into what situation doesn't Angelo fall!

A deserter from the Italian army fighting in the South, he is pressed into German service after Badoglio's surrender—only to desert again, and to join (not quite wholeheartedly, to be sure) the British Eighth Army. His gradual initiation in English ways is one of the best among the many good things in this book. National differences make for much fun in it, and so do the inevitable misunderstandings. As for instance, when the old count, having overheard some GI's



accost the Roman girls with a hearty "Hiya, toots!," right away walks up to a couple of Wacs, bows "with the grace of an older world," and says "Hiya, toots. . . ."

At such naïveté Angelo only smiles. For his own experiences in war, in love, and in black marketeering and his intercourse with the assorted strangers who are around at every step have made him much wiser within a few months—and, in the end, much more of a man of the world than his aristocratic protector ever was. During the protracted collapse of his country, the count gets himself into any number of difficulties, and isn't helped in his plight by his Bedford-born wife. To Angelo, the nobleman is one of the two people he really cares about in the world. The other is one Lukrezia back home.

Whatever his lack of courage, of military stamina, or of commercial fairness may be, Angelo's heart is in nowise deficient in virtue. It certainly is not in tolerance. For upon his return from war—of which he gets his share in the end—he sets up house with Lukrezia and another woman, not to speak of three children none of whom he has sired. (He appears to be that rare specimen of male—and Italian!—who, given to much promiscuity, also pardons his women's trespasses.)

His and his count's adventures, then, give a kind of spine to the series of scenes which form Mr. Linklater's little book. It is brimful of brilliantly observed anecdotes and many good stories. Mr. Linklater's style is uncommonly careful. To those who do not think the war is over and done with, "Private Angelo" can be recommended.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tethered by Circumstance

THE IRON CHAIN. By Edward Newhouse. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1946. 228 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by STRUTHERS BURT

THE Iron Chain is circumstance; that thing that so often, in fact most of the time, like the rebellious body in ill health working against what we know is ourself, our mind, our spirit, our essential being, shackles us when we would be about the important business of life. The phrase comes from a sentence of General Grant's, "tethered as we are by the iron chain of circumstance," and no one, in peace or war, or in his death, knew better what he was talking about than the great and tragic man who coined the sentence.

The author of these twenty-one short stories, seventeen of which have appeared in *The New Yorker*, knows what he is talking about, too; knows poignantly, bitterly, and most of the time with a tenderness as rare as it is gratifying. A tenderness left out of American writing for the past decade, if it was ever there. We're a nice people, a kind people, except when we are violent and cruel, which is a good deal of the time; we're a brilliant people, except when we're damned fools. But only the greatest of Americans, someone like the late President, for instance, whatever else you may say about him, have ever exhibited that tenderness, that concern for the individual and mankind in general, that over-all realization, classic in its tradition, which has marked all great writing, and for that matter, all great art. Irony and pity is the ancient definition. Laugh it off! But if you do, you'll die artistically. And you'll also die privately and publicly, although in all three instances you may be dead for years before you know this.

The Iron Chain in all but four of these stories is the iron chain of war, as it would be with imaginative men young enough, as Mr. Newhouse is—he started as a private in the Air Forces and ended up as a major—to have been in the recent war, and as it still is, especially in their dreams, with a number of imaginative men old enough to have been in the previous war. The iron chain of war which nowadays takes the civilian, deliberately trained to peace and supposed gentleness, and, overnight, seeks, and rightly for the purpose, to turn him into a bloody psychopath.

It doesn't work. Napoleon started something he shouldn't. He merely added another opportunity for universal split personality to a world already filled with schizophrenics. The man of good will probably makes the most deadly combat soldier in existence because he is bored and enraged, but you can't make a first-class military man out of him. That's a calling and a profession; a longing, and a point of view, just as much as landscape painting or the ministry. And so long as you can't perform successfully this Procrustean operation, there is still hope, I suppose, for a badly battered species. It is this worm's eye rebellion, this cool, yet desperate glance, this perspective that interests Mr. Newhouse. It is best expressed in two magnificent stories, "The Four Freedoms" and "Time Out." The latter consists of the reflections and reactions of a medical colonel; a neuropathologist, confronted by what all knowledge tells him is bedlam.

These, then, are war stories? Yes. And the theme, so far as you (that means, I) have expressed it, has been done before an infinite number of times, and will be done again increasingly. Once again, yes. But I haven't as yet half expressed what I want to say. In fact, I want to express, and emphasize, this so much, that I have been impatient to get to it, for, so far as I am concerned, these are not mere war stories, however good, nor merely adequate or good, or even brilliant stories of any kind. They are brilliant, and they are good, but they are a whole lot more than that. So far as I am concerned, they are by long odds the best American short stories I have read in a long while. And that from an ill-wisher, as it were; an ill-wisher toward the average American short story, however great the habitual brilliance of the performance. The reading of this volume was an event in my life. I hope a great many other people will feel as I do.

Brilliance is not enough. Technique is not enough. Wit is not enough. Even a complete mastery of the incident and subject is not enough; nor an eerie exactitude of reporting. Nor infallibility of character, nor inevitability. All those should be there, and other things as well. But they are the house, and the house should be inhabited by a spirit. It should have a view from its windows. I think this means that in all art there must be interpretation, however implicit this may be in the texture of the work of art; however unobtrusive. Otherwise it's merely an excitement, a sensation, like a visit to a house of prostitution or getting drunk. Afterwards there's an inevitable sense of loss, of fraud.

With one or two exceptions, you have no sense of fraud or loss after reading the stories in "The Iron Chain" despite their irony, their sad sharpness. Instead, like the author, you feel that, terrible as are the usual manifestations of the human race, there is something there, quite obviously, that deserves better, both of itself and fate. The door is not closed. There is a tiny crack with the light beyond. There is a possibility. And that is as it should be. These are truly fine stories. I could use bigger adjectives, but I won't. And yet they are as modern as modern can be. They meet the other boys and girls on their own grounds, and then proceed to go them one better. Perhaps they portend an advance for the future when brilliance of technique will find itself wedded to profundity of vision and feeling. Or can this happen to Americans with their passion for craftsmanship and their morbid fear of emotions that often ends in atrophy?

At all events, it is a little disconcerting to find that the author, however completely American he now is in his idiom, his viewpoint, and his conclusions, was a Hungarian until he was eleven years old.

Kurnos

Theognis, Carmina 237

By S. L. M. B.

BELOVED, I can render none sublime
Nor deathless with my verses nor reduce
Oblivion by a second, yet my rhyme
Remembered in your heart may have this use:
That, though the Sirens sing, behind their song
Some note of mine shall pierce and sharply tingle
Ears, deep-beguiled, with accents which belong
To me; that when your lips with others' mingle
One kiss may be withheld because my word
Has touched the fringe of your felicity,
Lighter than feather, swifter than any bird;
An unction to your dying when you die;—
Not for some immortality conferred
But that you lived happier because of me.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Has Roxas Betrayed America?

YES—

Reviewed by JOHN COLLIER

BETRAYAL IN THE PHILIPPINES. By Hernando Abaya. Foreword by Harold L. Ickes. New York: A. A. Wyn. 1946. 272 *pp.* $3.

UNLESS they are willing to be painfully disturbed, Americans should not read this book. But Americans ought to be painfully disturbed about the situation in the Philippine Islands, and the book should have a very wide public.

Across forty years, the United States moved the Philippines toward complete political independence. We moved them not at all toward economic independence, and we did nothing of moment to help them move out from agricultural feudalism. But brilliantly, at the political level, through word and deed we made Philippine emancipation a beacon to the nations. Then Japan took the Philippines, and the present quasi-serfs offered a resistance paralleled nowhere in the dependencies overrun by Japan.

But there were thousands in the Philippines who did not resist. They included many politicos, to the very top levels of Philippine life, and business men, and owners of great estates, and pre-World-War fascist adorers of General Franco. They included the man who is now president of the Philippines, Manuel Roxas. The collaborators became quislings in many instances; they entered the puppet government which Japan set up. Manuel Roxas was one of these.

Then the United States retook the Philippines; the Allies crushed Japan. Some of the collaborators were thrown into jail, pending trial by the restored Commonwealth. But General MacArthur set Roxas free; he appointed him to active duty at the MacArthur headquarters; he then released him to inactive duty; and Roxas became the Strong Man around whom collaboration, Philippine big business, American big business, agricultural feudalism, and Franco-slanted fascism organized themselves to dominate the Commonwealth. These facts and events, and their consequences, are the theme of Hernando Abaya's 272-page book. Harold L. Ickes introduces the book with carefully weighed words out of his direct, responsible experience. Readers will fall into three classes.

There will be a minority who already have experienced enough and read enough behind the "Philippine iron curtain" to know that Abaya's total effect, and much of his detail, is the rather ghastly truth. There will be others who will wonder: Can this total indictment, can these ignoble details be true? Is it possible that General MacArthur desired and acted to throw the Philippines toward fascistic and colonial economic bondage? Why, in the Philippine presidential election, when the dominant issue was that of casting out the collaborationists or not casting them out, did High Commissioner Paul McNutt notify the Philippine public that the United States was indifferent to the electoral outcome? Why is the Department of Justice at Washington continuing to refuse to make public the report of Walter Hutchinson, its investigator into Philippine collaborationism? Is there some factual other side to that factually replete narrative which Abaya gives? These readers will hope that Abaya's book may force the detailed divulgement of that other side.

The third reader-group will be the "realists." Philippine independence, they will remark, could not have become other than a corrupt political form; economic colonialism is in the nature of things for the Philippines; the choice was between a "strong man" and a revolution starting as agrarian but perhaps winding up as communistic; perhaps the ends justified the deplorable means.

The reviewer belongs to the first-named reader-group. All that he knows, directly and by analogy, forces him to accept "Betrayal in the Philippines" as essentially accurate, essentially just. It is an alarming, a deeply depressing realization. How high the hope of the Filipinos and the world, which we Americans have helped to dim and to postpone to an uncertain time beyond bitter and probably bloody civil strife in the Philippines! To such an end, our long-prepared, sincerely intended emancipation, our beacon to the dependencies of the world!

The situation is not irredeemable, and the United States is not done with the Philippines. Abaya's book not only is painful reading; it is difficult reading because its torrent of facts roars too insistently; there is too much angry passion in it. But the book is "must" reading, because the Philippines are with us yet.

John Collier, director of Ethnic Affairs in Washington, D. C., has been commissioner of Indian Affairs, director of National Indian Institute, U.S.A., founder and secretary of the National Board of Review for Motion Pictures, and editor of American Indian Life.

NO—

Reviewed by COL. WENDELL W. FERTIG

BETRAYAL in the Philippines," written by Hernando Abaya, member of the Free Philippines Group. Good! At last there should be some light on the problem of collaboration and betrayal in the islands that I loved. Avidly I read, but soon wondered who had betrayed the Philippines. Here were Roxas and MacArthur, Osmena and Valdez, all lumped together with Laurel, Aquino, Duran, and Osias. Betrayed the Philippines to whom? The question arose as I read further. Gradually the pattern emerged; the only true patriots were members of the Democratic Alliance, and of these the Hukbalajaps were the chosen people. Betrayal was a catch word, for it meant, to me at least, that the newly elected government of the Philippines had betrayed the forces of the left.

Could Roxas be a traitor to his own country, and to the sovereign United States of America? It did not seem possible, and I reviewed the long period of darkness; that period when the shadow of the Jap Kempei Tai (Military Police—Gestapo style) covered the land. No, I doubted that Roxas was a traitor to his country. Laurel? Yes, for he had sold out to the Jap before the war. He owed his wealth to the Ota Development Company (Jap hemp colossus) that he had served as chief attorney. He had sent his son to Japan to learn the wisdom of his Japanese friends. The son learned well, for after a faked capture in Batangas, he appeared in Manila to be married with pomp and with his Japanese friends in attendance. Finally, he headed the Pacification Campaign that exterminated his former USAFFE comrades who persisted in remaining loyal to the United States.

As April 1942 died in agony, the Japs landed on the south coast of Mindanao, and I stepped from the Catalina seaplane that had brought me from Corregidor. Viewed from that bomb-torn islet, Mindanao appeared to be heaven. But when I landed there at Lake Lanao, the Japs were already pressing north from their beachhead.

Brigadier General Manuel Roxas, appointed executive secretary to the President when Quezon left Mindanao, moved to Del Monte with General Sharpe. No one can doubt Quezon's faith in Roxas when he designated him as executive secretary, and invested him with blanket powers to act in the name of the President under the full terms of the War Emergency

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Act. Roxas, a clever, brilliant, astute politician, must have known that could he match wits with the Jap and emerge unscathed, he would succeed Quezon as President of the Philippines. At least, all his later acts point to this view.

General Sharpe yielded on direct orders from General Wainwright, and organized resistance ceased in the Philippines. Contrary to Abaya's statement, Roxas had nothing to do with this surrender. He, along with the rest of Sharpe's staff, merely followed direct orders. The people accepted the situation with the stoic indifference of the Oriental; but "not graciously" as one Japanese Military Administration official noted. Roxas was imprisoned at Kasisang, Malaybalay, Bukidnon, together with the American and Filipino military personnel. He remained there until November, when he was taken to Manila.

Four times during this period, Roxas was offered the presidency of the proposed puppet Philippine Republic, and four times he refused. After these repeated failures, the Japs compromised on Laurel as their No. 1 puppet.

In May, immediately following the surrender, the Japanese insisted that Roxas order all unsurrendered USAFFE to surrender. He complied in the mild letter quoted by Abaya. But two of the officers sent with the letter to get in touch with these groups gave verbal instructions from Roxas:

> Bide your time and grow in strength. Do not surrender now, but take no action against the enemy. The time is not right. Wait until the orders are given to strike.

Just before the surrender, Roxas gave every provincial governor, on the islands south of Luzon, full instructions to maintain stable, local government during the time that the central government in Manila was in the hands of the enemy. When I assumed command of the 10th Military District (Islands of Mindanao and Sulu) on September 15, 1942, those instructions were the basis of my reorganization of the civil government. They were good instructions, for Mindanao has no decedent groups, although comprising the Christian, the warlike Mohammedan Moro, and the savage pagan.

Collaboration was our problem in those early days; and if we guessed wrong, we lost our heads, literally. We tried each individual suspect upon the merits of his case, and not by hard and fast rules. Collaboration is an individual matter that ranges from the betrayal of one's own people to that of lip service given under threat of retaliation. By standards we applied then, when our own necks were the certain forfeit, Roxas was not a collaborator. Laurel and company were.

Hernando Abaya has written a "painful, difficult but 'must' book."

In January 1943, Roxas sent an agent who gave me a verbal message for transmission to General MacArthur. Commander "Chick" Parsons, USNR, arrived in March, and the messenger returned to Manila with plans for the rescue of Roxas. These came to naught when an agent of the Kempei Tai wormed his way into the organization. That agent, Vera Reyes (his family name), was executed together with twenty-eight victims of his treachery.

Some statements do not fit the facts as I knew them; or are left incomplete to strengthen Abaya's premises. For instance, he condemns the Elizalde family, yet fails to mention that Juan Elizalde, the active head of the family in the Philippines, was executed for assisting American internees in Santa Tomas. Again, Abad Santos may have been executed in Malabang, Mindanao, as alleged by Abaya, but it is strange that we who held the island of Mindanao never heard of it. (My headquarters from September 15, 1942, until October 15, 1943, was within fifty miles of Malabang). Personally, I heard the story of Abad Santos only long after liberation. Yet the secrets of the inner council of the Japanese Military Administration in Manila were laid on my desk in Mindanao, together with reports of the activities of the Free Philippines group.

The Hukbalajaps are touted as saviors of liberty in Luzon; yet of all the resistance groups in the Philippines, only they are in open rebellion against the elected government today. Early last spring, I spent two months in the provinces of Pampanga, Nueva Ecija, Bulacan, and Tarlac. Never have I seen such fear; the barrios were devoid of happy gossip for your neighbor might be a Huk; and the people were afraid of the Huks and their gangster methods, not the MP's. My friends of former years were afraid to show me the usual hospitality of their homes. Why? Fear of Huk retaliation, should they be friendly with outsiders. Among the prominent Huks of Nueva Ecija were several "professional tough guys" who had been evident during the claim-jumping during the gold boom of 1936 there.

The Huks may have been a serious threat to the Japs, but they aided them by preventing the unification of the various guerrilla units on Luzon. It was and is their intention to force their communistic ideology upon the Philippines, by force of arms if necessary, and is so set forth in their secret written documents. The Presidum of Five, headed by Taruc and with Lava, Barrera, Feleo, and Alejandreno, ruled with the same absolute and unquestioned authority as the supreme soviet of Russia. The acts of both were given the accolade by *The Daily Worker* of New York.

The agrarian unrest was increased by the depredations of the Huks. The poor tao (farmer) now had two masters: his legal landlord, oftimes his friend, and in addition the dreaded Huk whose orders must be obeyed under pain of certain death. This unrest cannot be cured by increasing the percentage given the tenant. Give him all that five acres can produce and it still is not a living wage. Provide him with machinery to increase his productivity; treat him with medicine to eliminate the parasites that sap his vitality; remake him into a paragon who no longer loves his fiesta and his fighting cock; transform him into a worker who will labor five months in his rice field, and the other seven in some home industry. Do all these things and you have made a start in solving the age-old problem. Yet to the south lie idle lands, beautiful lands, awaiting his coming; but no, it is better to take from the rich and give to the poor, the crowded lands of Central Luzon. After giving the tenant the land, you must make him keep it and work it.

Betrayal in the Philippines—yes, the leftist liberals have betrayed the poor tao again. He is committed to a civil war that he cannot win. Yet none has had the courage to say, "No economy yet evolved in any land under the sun has given the privilege of laboring five months of the year and earning his keep for twelve." Still Abaya and those for whom he speaks insist that this can and will be done in Central Luzon.

Colonel Wendell W. Fertig directed Philippine Army and Navy construction and served in Bataan as engineer until the surrender. On September 15, 1942, after organizing resistance groups, he led the capture of Misamis Occidental, Mindanao.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

U.S.-U.S.S.R. War Relations

THE STRANGE ALLIANCE: The Story of Our Efforts at Wartime Cooperation with Russia. By John R. Deane. New York: The Viking Press. 1947. viii + 344 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by D. FEDOTOFF WHITE

DURING another uneasy alliance, General Savary was sent by Napoleon to Russia. In briefing Savary, Talleyrand remarked: "Try to find out a great deal, but ask no questions." General Marshall, instructing Deane on his duties as head of the Military Mission in Moscow, directed him, on the contrary, to avoid seeking information.

Thus charged, General Deane arrived in Moscow in October 1943, brimful of loving-kindness for our Soviet ally, and, because of the liberality of his instructions, confident of success. What followed makes the subject of the book, written by a man whose hopes for a close cooperation were shattered by the deep suspicions harbored by Soviet authorities of all foreigners and their motives.

Deane has this to say: "We never lost an opportunity to give the Russians equipment, weapons, or information which we thought might help our combined war effort. This generosity, or at least attitude, was never reciprocated by the Russians except after endless argument, negotiation, and delay." He wrote to General Marshall: "We are in the position of being at the same time the givers and the supplicants."

In reading this frank and very interesting book this writer comes under the impression that no one has reminded its author of the Old World warning to budding diplomats: *"Surtout, pas de zèle," anlice* "For krissake, don't exert yourself." Deane worked hard, all to little avail, except where his efforts helped to increase the flow of Lend-Lease tonnage or to have our matériel better adapted to Russian conditions.

As one would expect of a regular officer, Deane has an eye for soldierly smartness. He was impressed by the guard of honor he saw upon landing at the Moscow airdrome. On visiting the front, he felt that he had seen an army able, because of its mobility and mass, to push the enemy back relentlessly, but that this army had few of the refinements of technique of the armies of the Western allies. The author thought that it relied "on sheer force of numbers rather than careful plans in order to achieve objectives with the least loss of life."

Among the first projects started in 1943 two were signally successful. One was the arrangement with the Russian Secret Intelligence on the exchange of intelligence data. The other concerned the release of American aviators interned in Russia after forced landings.

—Underwood and Underwood.

John R. Deane feels "the elemental traits of the Russian character are not compatible with the aims of their present leaders."

Deane calls attention to the role played by Lend-Lease matériel in helping the Red Army to win some of its victories. He says that the sixty divisions available for shifting from one sector of the Russian front to another could not have moved rapidly without American trucks, shoes, and food.

The author has high praise for assistance rendered by some Red Air Force officers in connection with the shuttle bombing project. His version of the manner in which responsibility for the defense of the bases was left with the Soviets differs somewhat from that offered by W. L. White in his "Report on the Russians." While Deane says that the Russian anti-aircraft and fighter defense failed miserably during the night of the German raid on the Poltava field, he adds, "Actually the German raid was one of those well-planned concentrations of effort that are almost bound to succeed despite anything the defense can do."

The story of the attempts at coordination of air operations is doleful. The American effort to negotiate an agreement was defeated, after months of discussion, by the Russians' search "for our hidden motive." In the field of land operations better results were achieved, but not once during the war did the Soviet authorities seek a meeting with the British or Americans "in order to present proposals for improving our cooperative effort."

Soviet-American collaboration in the Pacific fared no better. The protracted negotiations regarding the basing of American heavy bombers in the Maritime Province were given up, partly because of the logistic problem involved.

What were then the motives behind this stubborn opposition to offers of cooperation? High on the author's list are a disinclination to establish opportunities for contact of Russians with foreigners, and a desire to avoid entanglements from which it would be difficult to withdraw in the postwar world.

The last three chapters contain the author's impressions of the Soviet rulers and the people, and suggestions regarding future relations with the U.S.S.R. General Deane's recommendations are on the "let us be firm" lines.

Typical of these chapters is General Deane's obvious liking for the Russian rank-and-file. He thinks that the people "will surrender much of their freedom but never freedom of thought," and that there exists a real public opinion in Russia. Also that official propaganda is not accepted uncritically. He was astonished by the craving for culture and knowledge evidenced by the people, and concludes by saying: "Put in American clothes and in an American setting, the Russian people could not be distinguished from our own." He is convinced that the elemental traits of the Russian character are not compatible with the aims and methods of their present leaders.

This valuable volume should be widely read by all interested in our relations with Soviet Russia. And who isn't?

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Mr. Pott, in "Pickwick Papers," by Charles Dickens.
2. Hildy Johnson, in "The Front Page," by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur.
3. Doremus Jessup, in "It Can't Happen Here," By Sinclair Lewis.
4. Yancey Cravat, in "Cimarron," by Edna Ferber.
5. H. B. Calloway, in "Calloway's Code," by O. Henry.
6. Tom Ligonier, in "Duchess Hotspur," by Rosamond Marshall.
7. Harry Hillyer, in "Two O'Clock Courage," by Gelett Burgess.
8. John Harkless, in "The Gentleman from Indiana," by Booth Tarkington.
9. Charles Webb, in "Our Town," by Thornton Wilder.
10. "Gallagher," by Richard Harding Davis.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Stephen Spender's "Travel Book"

EUROPEAN WITNESS. By Stephen Spender. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1946. 246 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by SAUL K. PADOVER

A FEW weeks after V-E Day, Stephen Spender was sent to Germany to inquire into the lives and ideas of German intellectuals and the condition of libraries. He spent there four months, mostly in the British-occupied Rhineland which we had just evacuated, and the result is this work which Spender labels a "Travel Book."

"European Witness," despite some glaring faults, is a fascinating record and contains far and away the keenest observations on the German mind and character in recent literature. Spender has a poet's eye for the appalling German ruins, which he describes with disturbing vividness, and a sensitive understanding of the terrifying depths of the German character. Although he spoke only to a limited number of people, mostly intellectuals, and visited only a few cities, his observations—as this reviewer knows from having interrogated numerous Germans in this same area—are uncannily accurate and true. He found among the intellectuals pretty much what this reviewer had found among common people—lack of a sense of guilt (with rare exceptions), servility to those in power, self-pity, a denial of Nazi Party membership, a tendency to think solely in terms of power rather than of common sense or humanity, sentimentality that easily translates itself into brutality, and a curious emotional adolescence.

Spender is at his best when commenting upon the larger, the philosophical-historical, aspects of the German tragedy. His remarks on the meaning of guilt and his analysis of Goebbels (whose book "Michael," the work of a demonic "murderer," he reviews in detail) should be required reading for all Military Government officials, and perhaps our editorial writers and lecturers, too. On the question of Germany's collective guilt, which he rightly says is at the root of the problem of psychological rehabilitation, Spender points out that, while not all Germans were involved in the execution of atrocities, the whole nation was nevertheless morally guilty for the following reasons: (1) Hitler in "Mein Kampf" and other Nazis in their general propaganda had made it clear to the Germans what Nazism stood for; (2) the first years of Hitlerism were hailed by the nation with orgiastic enthusiasm; (3) throughout the whole period of Nazism the German people displayed towards the Jews (and later towards all enslaved non-Germans) a hardness of heart, a baseness, a corruption, an utter lack of pity that is quite without precedent; (4) the acquiescence on the part of most Germans in the general degradation in every branch of intellectual and spiritual life. The Germans, in brief, had embraced evil with clear eyes and conscious purpose, and thereby brought indescribable misery upon themselves and ruin to all of Europe.

"European Witness" contains a "French Interlude," which is, especially by contrast with Germany, a heart-warming account of French intellectual life. In this connection Spender makes a comment which had also struck those of us who followed in the wake of the German retreat through Europe—the matter of hate for the *boche* which is so wide and deep as to become in itself a mighty political force.

> When people in the occupied countries speak of the Germans, one has the sensation of a sob of fury and despair . . . [The Nazis'] programme for destruction included the destruction of the possibility of human forgiveness for the Germans themselves. These wicked children had set out to damn themselves entirely, to exceed the seventy times seven of offenses for which it is possible to forgive human nature. Thus often one has the impression when talking about Germans with non-Germans in Europe that one is not talking about human beings. One is talking about the monstrous, the unutterable, the thing which hundreds of people all over Europe never wish to hear mentioned again.

Spender is terribly conscious of the evil possibilities of the Satanism released by the Nazis; he is aware of the truth that There-but-for-the-grace-of-God-go-I, and that the darkness that has engulfed Germany has also affected Europe and the rest of the world; and that a still greater darkness, an everlasting one, threatens unless our society is determined deliberately to avoid disaster. In other words, what the Germans did to themselves and to Europe could either serve as but a prelude for the next annihilation or as a lesson and a warning. It depends today upon the non-German world.

Stephen Spender: "[The Nazis'] programme for destruction included the destruction of the possibility of human forgiveness for the Germans themselves."

On two grounds, one minor and one major, "European Witness" is open to criticism. For a book as serious as this one, it contains too much unforgivably boring trivia: How he could not get a car; what his driver said; how the tire blew a puncture and how the petrol spurted. One wonders why a sensitive writer like Spender thought that this sort of thing would be of interest to anybody.

But a far more serious fault is the omission of all discussion of the British occupation policies and personnel. This is particularly to be deplored because the British, in their very polite but nonetheless effective way, had drawn what amounts to a silken curtain over their German zone, as this reviewer has occasion to know. Not much comes out of there, but what does occasionally come out is enough to show—as London's *New Statesman and Nation* has repeatedy pointed out—widespread semi-starvation, inefficiency, an immense and useless bureaucracy (six times the size of that in the U. S. zone), coddling of big Nazis, etc. It is a pity that so discerning a witness as Spender has found it necessary to be reticent on the subject.

Apart from this, however, "European Witness" is an important book in that it adds to our understanding of contemporary Europe, of which Germany, sick though it may be, is still a vital part.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 667)

HENRY L. STODDARD:
HORACE GREELEY
Printer, Editor, Crusader

But perhaps the tribute he would prize most highly came almost a year after Greeley's death from a Vermont farmer who, on hearing *The Tribune* mentioned by Joseph Bishop, remarked: "Does it still print? I thought Greeley was dead."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Liberated Belgium

AND THE BRAVEST OF THESE. By Katharine Roberts. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1946. 311 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by ANN F. WOLFE

AS SOON as most of us learned the way of the ablative absolute we found ourselves translating Caesar's Commentaries. Early in life, therefore, we read that "the bravest of these are the Belgians." They still are, as Katharine Roberts testifies in this warm-hearted, heart-warming report on "our springboard to victory in Germany and the rescue of Holland." Too, she reminds us, Belgium was "the only liberated country to which the United States and England owed a large money debt on the lend-lease basis when the war was over."

From Caesar's invasion to Hitler's, this strategically situated little land has often been a battleground. Eight times between 1385 and World War II the peace-loving Belgians had to rebuild their war-wrecked fatherland. Could they do it the ninth time? Miss Roberts went over there to see for herself. She was the first non-uniformed writer to enter liberated Belgium.

Throughout much of the country she found destruction, tragedy, and hardship. She found an indomitable people whose spirit of recovery was voiced by a former resistance worker, widow of a young concentration camp victim: "The world can't stop long with your own tragedy. Working at something constructive is what you must do. That's the way we all feel about it here."

Belgium's citizens were hard at work putting up temporary shelter for the homeless. They were striving to rebuild on the appalling wreckage that piled up in the long wake of the Nazi invasion and occupation, the V-1's and V-2's, the von Rundstedt counter-offensive. In the concentrated fury of the Battle of the Bulge the countryside suffered double destruction at the hands of the Allies and the enemy.

The Belgians forged ahead with reconstruction despite meager food rations, shortage of materials, lack of heating and lighting. Half starved by the Nazi army of occupation and weakened by the torments of concentration camps, they had to battle post-liberation typhus, infantile paralysis, and other diseases. And for a while their labor of recovery was made no easier by certain American soldiers.

In the moving chapter entitled "The Found Hunt the Missing" there is an account of the activities of the Ministry of War Victims. Many of the found and the missing were women, survivors of Ausschwitz, Ravensbrueck, and other horror camps. One young woman reminisced about a sunrise that she saw during a winter march of prisoners: "I thought, 'I may be dead tonight, but this is lovely'—and it did something for me that I needed."

Right after liberation the Van Acker government mapped out a remarkable long-range program to make Belgium "The economic bridgehead to Europe." As early as October 1944 drastic legislation was adopted that headed off inflation, gave the administration more rehabilitation funds, and caught profiteering collaborators. Even before the quickly settled coal strike the government put into operation enlightened measures for social security and labor-management relations. It will take twenty years to recover, the administration gamely admits, as it plans for the nation's health, agriculture, education, and housing.

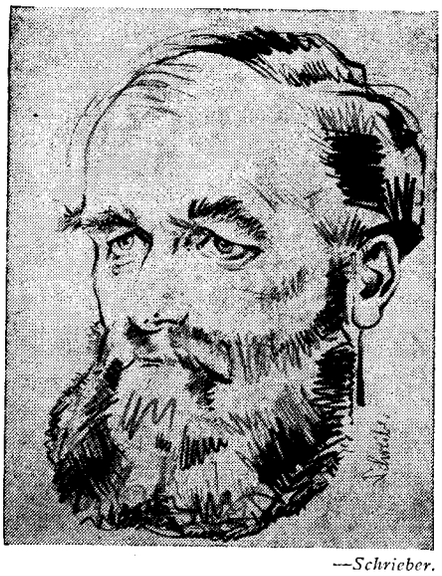
Miss Roberts discusses the restoration of war-damaged art treasures and the return of Belgium's historic carillons. There is an objective and sprightly report on the King Leopold controversy. Louvain's gallant story is told. Again, as in Warld War I, the University library, dear to American hearts, was wantonly battered to ruins. So were most of the other main buildings. Still, the Nazi-defying Rector is deep in plans to rebuild; students have flocked back to classes. "We have the habit," explain "the bravest of these."

Greenland in the 1720's

WHITE MAN. By Peter Freuchen. New York: Rinehart & Co. 1946. 275 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by PHIL STONG

THE mantle of Joseph Conrad may have missed Mr. Freuchen's shoulders but the big Dane certainly got most of his necktie. This is a tale of the early 1720's in Greenland —Mr. Freuchen forgets to mention any dates—when the Danes attempted to resettle Greenland after a five-century silence from the first Norske settlers. The pattern is fairly familiar, for France in Louisiana, England in Georgia, Spain with the enterprises of Columbus, and many other adventures—criminals were given their choice between awful prisons or a chance of survival in a new world, while their nations waited to see whether the guinea pigs would prosper or perish.



—*Schrieber.*

"The mantle of Joseph Conrad may have missed Peter Freuchen's shoulders but the big Dane certainly got most of his necktie."

The criminals did not suffer as much as the new worlds. The first colonies perished, and the prestige of Europeans was endangered among all the indigenous peoples by the assumption that all white people were murderers, liars, prostitutes and thieves, which was close to the mark in most new places.

The Eskimos who accepted the new settlement in Greenland were quick to accept the flogged and hatred-ridden Peter Haseman, ex-prisoner, as a wizard, because of various small exploits, which were bolstered by his careful study of the Eskimo techniques. The natives did not know that this was study—they thought it was inspection. They are skinning a caribou:

"See, Peeta watches to see that it is done well."

As for his military whipping on deck, the morning of his arrival in Godshope Harbor, they assume that only a very powerful magician would be so extensively weakened to diminish his magical strength, and only a magician could survive the whipping before the mast. They cultivate him and nearly worship him, and this adulation makes Peter a great power in the new colony.

The various love stories and minor plots—they are all minor—in the book are completely subsidiary to the anthropological studies, the settings, and the brief examinations of psychology. The book is written by a man who is more an observer and analyst than a cunning contriver of plots.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

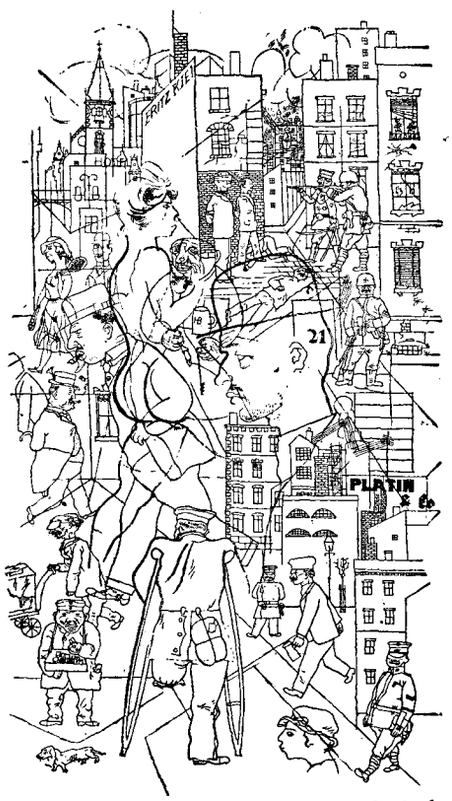
Satirist's Dilemma

A LITTLE YES AND A BIG NO: The Autobiography of George Grosz. Illustrated by the Author. Translated by Lola Sachs Dorin. New York: The Dial Press. 1946. 343 *pp.* $7.50.

Reviewed by H. W. JANSON

WRITING an autobiography is any man's privilege. Yet painters and sculptors have, generally speaking, taken advantage of it only rarely and with indifferent success, Benvenuto Cellini notwithstanding. Perhaps one reason for their reluctance is that they cannot help portraying themselves, in one way or another, in their own medium. In any event, for an artist to abandon, if only temporarily, his accustomed tools and to venture into the unfamiliar realm of literary expression probably demands an exceptional degree of self-confidence or, failing that, some urgent psychological impulse. If with the present volume George Grosz has chosen to enter the company of Thomas Benton and Salvador Dali—to name the two most conspicuous instances of contemporary painters presenting themselves in print—the reader will be understandably curious to know the author's motivation.

George Grosz himself does not attempt to provide us with an answer; in fact, he may well be unaware of his own ultimate purpose in writing the book. At the age of fifty-three, he could hardly have intended it to mark the end of his active career as an artist, even though at times he does adopt the rambling reminiscent style of a much older man. Rather, one gains the impression that the book grew out of his mounting despair with the modern world and with his own work, as a kind of negative declaration of faith. Its prevailing mood is a curious mixture of cynicism and nostalgia—nostalgia whenever Grosz writes of his youth before the First World War or of bygone personal friendships, cynicism when he reflects on the state of civilization, on the problems of modern art, and on his own work. What accounts for this unappealing combination? What inner conflicts could have produced a state of mind so full of obvious contradictions and displaced values?



—From the book.

"Cross-section" belongs to Grosz's pre-American period when he was known "as the greatest pictorial satirist of our time."

The answer to these questions is hidden within the content of the book itself; the clue to the solution of the problem, however, lies in the relationship between the known facts and circumstances of the author's career, which is to a large extent a matter of public record, and his own subjective interpretation of these events.

When George Grosz came to this country in 1932 to escape the rising Nazi tide, he was internationally famous as the greatest pictorial satirist of our time, the intrepid fighter against militarism, bigotry, and the power of concentrated wealth, as well as against the bovine complacency of the bourgeois. The law suit against him in the German courts because of his "Ecce Homo" drawings had become a *cause célèbre*. But over here, for a variety of reasons, his satirical talent withered away; not only was the demand for it extremely limited, but his attempts in this direction lacked the power and precision of his earlier pieces. As a newcomer to this country, Grosz simply was not sufficiently at home in the social and political scene of America. Besides, his relief at having escaped in the nick of time from what would undoubtedly have been a most disastrous fate for him was hardly conducive to a purely critical view of his new domicile. Nor could he bring himself to continue the exploitation of his German subject-matter from the safe distance of New York, since that would have condemned him to the uncomfortable and, in the long run, hopeless existence of a perpetual exile.

What George Grosz wanted in America was not temporary asylum but a new life and a new artistic career. For the past fourteen years he has been struggling to achieve this aim, and in his autobiography he attempts to prove, among other things, how well he has succeeded. But the demonstration is far from convincing; the plain fact is that George Grosz today is an extremely confused and unhappy man, and his artistic output of the past decade shows this, if anything, even more clearly than his book.

—Courtesy Associated American Artists Gallery.

"Model Resting"—an example of Grosz's "American phase," criticized as "labored, academic, deficient in imaginative power."

Since the time he decided to abandon his satirical drawings, he has devoted himself to painting, in the hope of achieving an equally splendid reputation in this new field. However, he soon discovered that the vast majority of critics continued to value his work of the 1920's much more highly than his recent output, which struck them as labored, academic, and sadly deficient in imaginative power.

Had George Grosz been fully convinced of the validity of his new style, he could have endured this unfavorable reception without trouble, but as it happened he was far from sure of himself. Lacking a cogent esthetic philosophy that would justify the traditionalism of his "American phase," he could uphold it only by deprecating the value of his earlier work. But his ego, far from insensitive to public acclaim, will not permit him to do even that in a wholehearted way. He knows only too well that his reputation still rests on "Ecce Homo," so that his present attitude towards his accomplishments of the 1920's is an incongruous mixture of half-con-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cealed pride and open condemnation. He refers to the "monstrous flood of my satirical drawings," yet most of the illustrative material that accompanies his book consists of selections from this same "monstrous flood."

George Grosz's desire to persuade us that it was not until after his arrival in the United States that "the artist in me gradually emerged" actually colors the entire content of "A Little Yes and A Big No." Thus he dwells at length upon his youthful dreams of becoming a realistic painter of battle scenes and other picturesque episodes; on how he arrived at the Dresden art academy "with a head full of beautiful ideals, only to have them destroyed by impressionistic theories of sunlight." He admits in passing that he was greatly impressed at that time by the Modern Movement in art, and hastily enumerates a few representatives of Cubism, Futurism, and Expressionism, but he implies that all this was really a youthful aberration on his part, since he was only a beginner. In retrospect, he describes the Modern Movement as essentially destructive, a phenomenon of disintegration reflecting "decadent bourgeois society."

Mr. Grosz's experiences between 1912 and 1932, *i.e.*, the most important and interesting years of his life, occupy almost half the length of the book. His memories of this entire period are largely concerned with gruesome or humorous episodes of a rather personal nature, with strange or famous people he encountered, etc.; he constantly assures us of his contempt for the masses, and of his wellnigh exclusive interest in money ("Money is no fraud. Ideas, on the contrary, can be more or less deceptive. A hundred-dollar bill is and remains a hundred-dollar bill."), while his creative work and his relationship with the important artistic movements of the time receive only the most perfunctory treatment.

How did he achieve the graphic style that suddenly made him famous at the end of the First World War? Who among the great modern painters influenced him most? According to George Grosz, this style was simply the result of his shattering war experiences, which he describes with considerable force. These undoubtedly provided the basic drive for much of his subsequent work, but the unique power of his satirical draughtsmanship also depends on his skilful use of Cubist forms and compositional devices as well as on his strong sympathy for the "underdog." Yet there is not one word about his very real debt to Cubism—significantly enough, Picasso is never even mentioned—nor about the work of Feininger or Pascin, which must have made the strongest impression upon him during his formative years. Even his six months' visit to Paris in 1913 is brushed aside in one or two brief sentences.

Nor do we learn anything beyond a few anecdotes about the author's role as the leading artist and *Constructör* among the Berlin Dadaists. And his association, during the later 1920's, with the painters of the *Neue Sachlichkeit*, foreshadowing the conservatism of his present work, is passed over in silence, even though it is represented by a full-page illustration ("The Artist's Mother," Oil, 1926).

The final chapters of the book, dealing with George Grosz's life in America, are somewhat more informative: he tells in some detail of his difficulties in making a living and in adjusting himself to this country, of his desire to become "normal" and "healthy," and of his admiration for the American middle-class world and its highly paid magazine illustrators, whom he prefers to such "decadent" artists as Toulouse-Lautrec and Pascin, "tired, quivering drunkards" who destroyed "the great tradition of Italian drawing." But his professed enthusiasm for this country is more than counterbalanced by fits of frustration with himself and his work, and one looks in vain for any expression of a positive philosophy to offset his disillusionment with Europe.

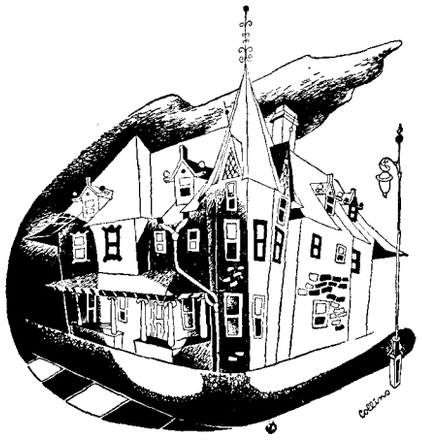
The Man Who Became a Verb

CAPTAIN BOYCOTT. By Philip Rooney. New York: D. Appleton-Century Co. 1946. 237 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

IT is odd to think that Captain Charles Cunningham Boycott, whose name became a verb, died a little less than fifty years ago. Mr. Rooney, as a child, heard stories of the notorious agent of Lord Erne from his mother's parents who were schoolteachers in the little Mayo village where Captain Boycott lived; and out of those stories, no doubt a bit colored but still based on fact, he has made this quick moving, romantic tale. "Captain Boycott" is written simply, and has no pretensions to deep psychological analysis; but there is a kindly shrewdness, a decent sympathy in the portrait of a man whose chief tragedy is in the fact that he did not know the signs of the times—a fault which has certainly since the 1880's been exhibited on a far vaster scale by far more formidable people than this Irish estate manager.

Everyone who knows of the wrongs of Ireland knows of the dreadful famine of the forties, but not so many remember how bitter was the lot of the small farmer, the peasant, and the small shopkeeper in the 1880's, when Parnell was moving to the unquestioned leadership of the Nationalist party. The old Fenians, the stern rebels from English jails, were impatient at the policy of the Land League; they craved for the days of Robert Emmet and Wolf Tone. They wanted war. Not a little of this book is provided by the cleavage between the new school of politics and the old. And, as always, the hardest time is had by those who, like Hugh Davin the schoolmaster and hero of "Captain Boycott," saw the arguments of both sides. Hugh is suspected by Watty Connell, Captain Boycott's bailiff, and by the local police sergeant, but he contrives to keep out of serious trouble until the story's end, when he and Anne Killian escape from the police, and leave The Neale on the shores of Lough Mask.



Their love story is pleasant, and it is a comfort to have an idyll of this kind in this day of tough writing; but the best part of the book is the account of Captain Boycott and his relations with his mother and with the high-spirited, reckless girl whom Lord Erne sends to the Boycott house. Mr. Rooney shows more than ordinary talent in his portrayal of Boycott, the well-meaning, muddled, thick-minded man who cannot see his way out of misfortunes that are in no way his fault. His alternate moods of indecision and obstinacy, his essential honesty, and his inefficiency are excellently shown. And towards the book's end, when he has called in the English soldiers to protect him, and his friends to bring in the harvest—the end when Parnell's policy of ostracism is more and more stringently enforced—then Mr. Rooney shows signs that he might, in some future book, achieve a tragic presentation which here he just misses.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE
EDITORIAL BOARD
Editor
NORMAN COUSINS
Chairman, Editorial Board
HENRY SEIDEL CANBY
Associate Editors
AMY LOVEMAN
WILLIAM ROSE BENET
JOHN MASON BROWN
HARRISON SMITH
Contributing Editors
BENNETT CERF
MARY GOULD DAVIS
PAUL HENRY LANG
JOHN T. WINTERICH
Published by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc., Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President

Contents Copyrighted, 1947, by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

DON'T DEEP-FREEZE THE PEACE

IT was only two years ago that they were counseling forbearance. It would be a mistake while the war was on, they said, to press for any far-seeing measures concerning the prospective structure of the United Nations. Any advanced ideas right then on the organization of the peace would be diversionary and harmful to the war effort; better wait until war's end cleared the atmosphere. And again at San Francisco they cautioned against going beyond anything the United States Senate was certain to accept.

Today the "practical realists" are still with us, still saying that the time is not yet, still urging that we must not attempt to push too far or too fast in building the peace. Specifically, they are charging advocates of world government with attempting to undermine the peace by asking for changes in the UN that had better wait for several generations, at the earliest.

The recent sharp upturn in the affairs of the United Nations would seem to vindicate the cautious approach. What has happened in recent weeks offers considerable promise that the UN may finally have broken the logjam that has tied up the business of peace-making since the end of the war. Progress made on international control of atomic energy, of disarmament resolutions, on treaty agreements has been as rapid and as impressive as the failure up until then had been extensive and ominous. The improvement in the general atmosphere alone is a conspicuous achievement.

It would be comforting to believe, on the basis of such progress, that the crisis is definitely ended, that the foundations of the peace are now laid, and that there is no need to press now for drastic changes in the structure and function of the UN. But there is an important distinction to be made between hope and assurance. Indeed, there is some danger that we may oversell ourselves on the implications of what has happened, and, assuming that the worst is over, sit back confidently and expect the best.

Rex Warner, the English essayist and novelist, in a piece published in London recently, recalls the warming assurances with which he received news of Locarno, when no fewer than seven conventions were signed; when guarantees against aggression and for peace were signed by Germany, France, England, Italy, and Belgium; when two treaties of guarantee were concluded between France and Poland, and between France and Czechoslovakia; when four arbitration conventions with Germany were signed; when ironclad documents guaranteed the common boundaries of Germany, Belgium, and France; when a demilitarization formula was worked out, and when it was agreed that the League of Nations had power transcending any treaty. There was a sort of comprehensive magnificence to the thing, or so it seemed. In any event, Locarno became a word of fabulous import; people spoke of the "spirit of Locarno" as though it were the open sesame to world peace and understanding.

There was hope, yes, as there should have been. But there was also a failure to understand that hope was not enough, that treaties or even "guarantees" were not enough, that an organization of nations was not enough if it lacked the machinery of law that was adequate to meet not only the minor but the major tests. For an organization without compulsory jurisdiction can only handle those jobs which it can cut down to its own size.

We can and should be hopeful, indeed, profoundly grateful, for the marked improvement in the recent meetings of the United Nations. What has happened lends substance to the hope that at last the delegates have succeeded in creating an atmosphere conducive to peace-making. But the big job remains. That job is the strengthening of the United Nations into an organization from which no state can withdraw or secede, an organization with compulsory jurisdiction, an organization with direct access to and authority over the individual in well defined and limited areas pertaining to world security—such as in the control of atomic energy and all weapons adapted to mass destruction.

Is it wrong to press for such changes now? Wouldn't it be better to spread such changes out over a decade or two, perhaps generations? The answer, of course, is that gradualism is best if there is margin for gradualism. But what if the problem is acute? What if the danger threatens to crystallize in a very few years and we lack the means to meet that threat when it comes? What if we wait too long to carry out the Baruch plan, with its emphasis upon control at the source, if that plan will be seriously jeopardized by the previous depletion of uranium deposits? It takes no secret formula to mine uranium, and we would be foolish to assume that those nations having uranium deposits haven't been engaged in extensive mining and storing-away operations.

The problem of the veto has come up in connection with all these questions. But the veto is a misleading issue. Suppose the veto were abolished. Will anything fundamentally be gained if a nation which intends to resist the will of the others walks out of the parent body, as Germany and Italy and Japan did from the old League? As a measure of the present structural strength of UN, consider that one nation threatened abstention if the organization moved to San Francisco. What will happen when the chips are really down, when really basic questions of life-or-death for a nation come up?

The preamble to the United Nations Charter declares that the basic purpose of the organization is to establish the means to keep the peace. Is it too much to urge that this be done—within the required time? Is it too much to urge that agreements and treaties and "guarantees" be superseded by the working machinery of law—within the required time? Is it too much to argue that, whatever the other successes of the UN may be, its failure to become greater than any of its members, or coalition of members, will result in the destruction of the organization and of civilization both?

N. C.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"Love Is Not Enough"

SIR: Although it is late in the day for mankind to dig up a definition of happiness, I am pleased with "H.S.'s" excavations into the ancient remains in your editorial of November 16. His tabulations and percentages are worthy of a Flinders Petrie or of the late Kirsopp Lake, even if they leave my mind in a whirl.

In this year of the grace of George Bernard Shaw a few remarks of his are in order although he is wise enough, here as everywhere, not to give us an answer.

> I am unfortunately so constituted, [declares G.B.S.] that if I were actually in heaven itself I should have to earn my enjoyment of it by turning out and doing a stroke of work of some sort, at any rate of at least a fortnight's hard labor for one celestial evening hour. There is nothing so insufferable as happiness except perhaps unhappiness. The secret of being miserable is to have leisure to bother about whether you are happy or not. The cure for unhappiness is occupation, for occupation means preoccupation; and the preoccupied person is neither happy nor unhappy but simply active and alive.

Of course if we grant that to be "simply active and alive" is the very thing that bores us, then Shaw's encomium gets us nowhere as fast as do any other definitions.

Two other classic ruminations come to mind, making our team two Scotchmen and one Irishman. Carlyle makes Professor Teufelsdrockh remark that, "There is in a man a HIGHER than love of Happiness; he can do without Happiness and instead thereof find Blessedness." And Stevenson sings out, "Little do ye know your own blessedness. For to travel hopefully is better than to arrive; and the chief success is to labor."

Our confusion about this impossible word suggests that a new folkway, as William G. Sumner called it, must be found. Happiness, indeed, must be and will be as constantly thought about as Infinity is thought about, but to seek for a definition of either is madness. America's light of genius shone at its whitest heat when The Declaration affirmed the Pursuit of Happiness to be man's inalienable right; and stopped there. To hold it as a pursuit subject to the laws of the road, of the field, of the game, of the personality, and of all else that makes us men, this is wisdom, and also a possibility. To hold it as an assured and fixed possession, a Fort Knox of gold, is both sheer folly and an impossibility.

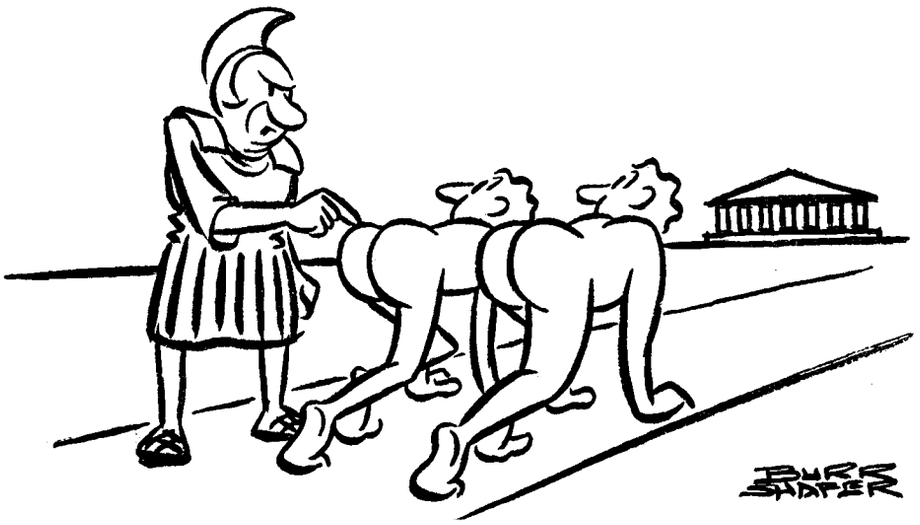
GEORGE LAWRENCE PARKER.

Carver, Mass.

SIR: Along with the depressing note struck by the apparent avarice of our twentieth-century world in Mr. Smith's editorial "Love Is Not Enough" is the fact that among the list of subjects which bring modern man happiness, religion is omitted. Gathering from the trend it obviously would not have been chosen by any number; still it is significant that it was not even given an opportunity by the French Institute of Public Opinion. Strange that whatever faith the individual man has found for himself might not be considered a possible source of some happiness in this world of ours.

ANNE SHULLENBERGER.

Indianapolis, Ind.



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"I'm sorry but there's some question about your amateur status."

American Authors' Authority

SIR: When James M. Cain says [*SRL*, Nov. 16], "I believe the conscious creation of art is a form of literary smugness," he is of course speaking for the scenarists and other members of the swimming pool set, and not, I hope, for the authors he would like to represent. In truth, what American literature needs is better books, not better-paid authors. The first will (granting certain reforms) bring about the latter, but I certainly doubt that the reverse is true.

I am extremely reluctant to speak up for any cause espoused by Clarence Budington Kelland, but on the other side of the controversy I seem to detect large numbers of those individuals who, unimportant as individuals, see importance by traveling in schools, and whose main weapon, betraying that their thinking is essentially political rather than what may be called—though with unfortunate connotations—artistic, is the boo and the jeer.

Perhaps they would listen, if not to Farrell, to a wise old lady who could have given the best of them lessons in common sense any day. The quotation is from "Paris France," by Gertrude Stein. "It could be a puzzle why the intellectuals in every country are always wanting a form of government which would inevitably treat them badly, purge them so to speak before anybody else is purged. . . . It would be a puzzle this if it were not that it is true that the world is round and that space is illimitable unlimited. I suppose it is that that makes the intellectual so anxious for a regimenting government which they could so ill endure."

CHARLES B. WHEELER.

St. Louis, Mo.

"Cliches, Extended and Otherwise"

SIR: In the article "Clichés, Extended and Otherwise" [*SRL*, Nov. 30] Professor Arms mentions that the familiar phrase "absinthe makes the heart grow fonder" is of unidentified origin.

When E. H. Sothern was playing in "Lord Dundreary" and "If I Were King" he used to enjoy having members of his company to supper with him after the performance. I was a member so favored. I remember when cocktails were being served Mr. Sothern earnestly advising a dash of absinthe—it makes the heart grow fonder. Could this have been Mr. Sothern's own arrangement of the cliché?

ETHEL GRAY.

New York, N. Y.

Sure Fire

SIR: Thank you for changing Cerf's Trade Winds to the front of *SRL*. . . . Now with Trade Winds at the beginning—and The Phoenix Nest at the end—all you need do to make things perfect, is to strike dead-center and set up the editorial page facing Letters to the Editor right in the middle of *SRL*.

Then, no matter how good or bad your reviews are, and no matter how much we agree or disagree with them, we'll be certain that the beginning, the middle, and the end of *SRL* will always give us pleasure. . . .

And what other periodical guarantees that?

MARY MOON.

San Diego, Calif.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Seeing Things

STRAIGHT FROM THE LION'S MOUTH

THERE was Mr. Shaw's Uncle William, for instance. He was an unconventional character, too. If rumor can be trusted, he was fond of sitting with the Bible open on his knees and with his eyes glued to a pair of opera glasses which were trained on the ladies' bathing place at Dalkey.

Then there was Mr. Shaw's father. Unlike Uncle William, he was a toper who did not reform. The sight of him, hopelessly drunk, with a goose wrapped under one arm and a ham under the other, butting his high hat against the garden wall under the impression it was the gate, has stayed in his son's mind for many a long decade.

It was as hard to forget as the image of the elder Shaw succumbing, as he always did, to laughter at any idea or situation which convention held sacred. The more sacred it was thought to be, the more the old man chuckled and wiped tears of delight from his irreverent eyes. Even the Bible was not safe from his wit. He was fond of defending it from his son with mounting eloquence. Then, just when he had reached the topmost peak of sanctimonious persuasion, he would turn on it suddenly, as overjoyed with the seriousness of his defense as he was with the swiftness of his attack.

Like his Uncle William, Mr. Shaw has always been able to sustain two interests at once. Mentally, of course, he has used a telescope instead of opera glasses, and never lowered his Puritan's vision to ladies on the beach —at least as a Peeping Tom. The Bible nonetheless has often been open on his knees. He knows the Good Book as few men do and as latter-day saints must. He has a prophet's command of its language. Indeed, he knows it as well as he knows Shakespeare or Bunyan, Marx or Wagner, Nietzsche or Ibsen.

Mr. Shaw's approach to Holy Writ has been unique. He has read it in his own way, with his own mind, as an individualist rather than a conformist. His mind being all light (with some sun spots of its own) explains, for example, his attitude towards Adam. "I have always despised Adam," Mr. Shaw once confessed, "because he had to be tempted by the woman, as she was by the serpent, before he could be induced to pluck the apple from the tree of knowledge." Then, with complete honesty, he added, "I should have swallowed every apple on the tree the moment the owner's back was turned." Certainly he has done so in almost every garden this side of Eden wherever a tree of knowledge has been said to grow.

If the example of his father made a teetotaler of Mr. Shaw, it also had its other, more ingratiating influences on him. It taught him one lesson all too few writers have ever mastered. That is, the importance of making trifles out of tragedies instead of tragedies out of trifles. Moreover, it made him as susceptible as his father was to "the grip of a humorous sense of anticlimax."

This humorous sense of anticlimax, this ravenous hunger for truth, this eloquence and bite, this talent for doing two things at once—adding and subtracting—this happy genius for laughter, and this ability to make a trifle out of a tragedy, all of these Shavian characteristics are delectably compounded in "Androcles and the Lion."* They—and the genuine, if surprising, tenderness of the text—make it easy to enjoy the American Repertory Theatre's spirited revival, even when that revival is at fault.

With a modesty all his own, Mr. Shaw once said he wrote "Androcles" "partly to show Barrie how a play for children should be handled." On another occasion he explained that he had deliberately taken historical tragedy at its deepest, in other words at a point reached only by religious persecution, and had written about it in terms of a revue or Christmas pantomime, lion and all.

By Mr. Shaw's own insistence, "Androcles" is not a comedy. It is "A Fable Play: that is, an entertainment for children, on an old story from the children's books, which nonetheless contains matter for the most mature wisdom to ponder." Today it is considered not only diverting but so safe that amateur and college organizations perform it frequently as the minor classic it is. It is now thought

* *ANDROCLES AND THE LION. By Bernard Shaw. Staged by Margaret Webster. Music by Marc Blitzstein. Settings and Costumes by Wolfgang Roth. Masks by Remo Bufano. With Ernest Truex, John Becher, Richard Waring, June Duprez, Victor Jory, and Philip Bourneuf. Preceded by Sean O'Casey's one-act POUND ON DEMAND. Presented by the American Repertory Theatre. At the International.*

—*Vandamm Studio.*

"Androcles and the Lion" reveals "the laughing spirit of a man who has the courage of his sanity."

to be as gentle as its own Androcles and lion. "Everyman," "The Second Shepherd's Play," or "The Pageant of the Shearmen and Tailors" could not be received with less protest.

Rightly enough, the play was not always accepted so unthinkingly. Because, though "Androcles" succeeds completely as an extravaganza to which the kiddies can and should be taken, it is much more than that. Mr. Shaw's fable also remains the kind of play to which we should take our clergymen, in order to learn how seriously they believe in the Christian faith which they regularly and often automatically profess.

Theatregoers who saw it first in Berlin, and then in London, way back in 1912 when Mr. Shaw had just written it as a young man of fifty-eight, were at once brighter and dumber than we seem to be today. Some of them were stupid enough to condemn it as irreligious. But others, though scandalized by any Christian work which could be both gay and intellectual, realized that there was dynamite in the script as surely as there is a thorn in its lion's paw.

In Berlin the Crown Prince stomped ostentatiously out of the Royal Box half way through the world premiere. Mr. Shaw says he hopes his erstwhile highness did this because he was unable to endure the very clear and fair exposition of autocratic imperialism which is given in the text by the Roman captain to his Christian prisoners.

In London, when Granville-Barker staged "Androcles" there, the suffragettes were so excited by its satire on the official point of view that they almost upset the performance. Portions of the outraged press were bitter in their attacks; so scurrilous, in fact, that they almost provoked Mr. Shaw into losing his temper. And one of the leading pastors of the city's

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS

The Musical Hit
CAROUSEL
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2d
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
with John Raitt, Iva Withers, Jean Darling, Eric Mattson, John Conte, Jean Casto, Alice Tobin
MAJESTIC W. 44th St. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

The Musical Hit
OKLAHOMA!
Based on Lynn Riggs' "Green Grow the Lilacs"
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2nd
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
Harold Keel • Mary Hatcher • David Burns • Ruth Weston
St. James Thea. W. 44. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

The Smash COMEDY Hit by...
HOWARD LINDSAY & RUSSEL CROUSE
STATE OF THE UNION
1946 Pulitzer Prize Play
Produced by LELAND HAYWARD
★ New York—Hudson Theatre
★ (National Company—Touring Middle West)
★ (International Company—Touring So. West)

CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER
in
Lady Windermere's Fan
by OSCAR WILDE
with PENELOPE WARD • DAVID MANNERS
John Buckmaster • Rex Evans • Rex O'Malley
and ESTELLE WINWOOD
Staged by Cecil Beaton—Directed by Jack Minster
CORT Thea. 48th St. East of B'way. BR 9-0046
Evgs. at 8:40 Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2:40

The Theatre Guild & John C. Wilson present
ALFRED LUNT • LYNN FONTANNE
"O Mistress Mine"
A Comedy by TERENCE RATTIGAN
Directed by MR. LUNT
EMPIRE THEA., 40 & Bway. Mats. Thurs., Sat.

"Infused with excitement and eloquence. A show to gladden the season." Barnes, Herald Tribune.
JOSE FERRER in
CYRANO de BERGERAC
Frances Reid • Ralph Clanton
Hiram Sherman • Paula Laurence
Francis Compton • Ernest Graves • William Woodson
BARRYMORE Thea. 47 St. W. of B'way. CI 6-0390
Evs. incl. Sun. 8:30. Mats. Sat. & Sun. at 2:30
2 PERFORMANCES EVERY SUNDAY

Free Churches denounced the script on the ground that its persecuting Roman Emperor was shown as being a very fine fellow and the persecuted Christians ridiculous. From this last and utter misunderstanding Mr. Shaw concluded, quite excusably, "that a popular pulpit may be as perilous to a man's soul as an imperial throne."

The tragedy of our present-day acceptance of "Androcles" is that it means only we are so ready to enjoy its fun that we have forgotten its challenge. And this challenge, especially since the Christian world during the past conflict has had no other choice than to forget once again the teachings of Jesus for the precepts of Mars, has acquired "the same terrible topicality" Mr. Shaw knew it could claim when he came to write his postscript for the published text during the First World War.

How simple in its eloquence Mr. Shaw's "Androcles" can be everyone knows who recalls the scene between the Roman captain and Lavinia, the patrician Christian, whose faith has been oozing from her while she waits outside the Coliseum to be thrown to the lions. "Are you then going to die for nothing?" asks the captain. "Yes," Lavinia replies, "that is the wonderful thing. It is since all the stories and dreams have gone that I have now no doubt at all that I must die for something greater than dreams or stories." "But for what?" To which Lavinia replies, "I don't know. If it were for anything small enough to know, it would be too small to die for. I think I am going to die for God. Nothing else is real enough to die for." "What is God?" demands the captain. "When we know that, Captain," answers Lavinia, "we shall be gods ourselves."

The shortcomings of the present revival of "Androcles" are as plain as the torch in Liberty's hand. Chief among these is the tendency to overstress the play's merriment and to forget its meaning. In her correct desire to stage "Androcles" as the extravaganza that Mr. Shaw insisted that it was, Margaret Webster has been tempted into excessive buffoonery. At moments she mistakes Shaw's well-defined characters for Shakespeare's lowest clowns. She has her actors indulge in the kind of amateurish horseplay which is usually, and always painfully, reserved, say, for a high-school production of "The Dream's" Pyramus and Thisbe interludes. Marc Blitzstein's score is so noisy that it drowns out the only music that matters which is, of course, supplied by Mr. Shaw. And June Duprez, though pretty enough to catch a Roman or an American captain's eye, is totally lacking in every

3 PERFECT ENTERTAINMENT TREATS
MAX GORDON productions
"Must be seen.. a charming, warming and chuckling comedy" Morehouse, Sun
FREDRIC MARCH • FLORENCE ELDRIDGE
In the new smash hit
YEARS AGO
by RUTH GORDON
Staged by GARSON KANIN
MANSFIELD THEATRE

"An uproarious delight . . . a solid comedy" —Barnes, Herald Tribune
BORN YESTERDAY
The Hilarious Comedy Smash
by GARSON KANIN
LYCEUM THEATRE — NEW YORK
NIXON THEATRE — PITTSBURGH

"A Musical Sparkler!" —WALTER WINCHELL
MELVYN DOUGLAS & HERMAN LEVIN present
CALL ME MISTER
The Nation's Top Musical Revue
Music and Lyrics by HAROLD J. ROME
Sketches by ARNOLD AUERBACH
Production directed by ROBERT H. GORDON
▶ NEW YORK—NATIONAL THEATRE with JANE KEAN
▶ BOSTON—SHUBERT THEATRE with BETTY KEAN
"Broadway's Biggest Revue Hit!" —LIFE MAG.

ALFRED de LIAGRE, Jr., presents
JOHN VAN DRUTEN'S
Comedy
the VOICE of the TURTLE
BEATRICE PEARSON • ALAN BAXTER • VICKI CUMMINGS
MOROSCO Thea., W. 45 St. Evs. 8:35. Mats. Wed & Sat.

KERMIT BLOOMGARDEN presents
"Lillian Hellman's fifth smash hit" —LIFE Magazine
"Another Part of the Forest"
PERCY WARAM : MILDRED DUNNOCK : LEO GENN
FULTON, W. 46th St. Eves. 8:40 Mat. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

BERT LAHR
with JEAN PARKER in
BURLESQUE
The Famous Comedy
BELASCO Thea. 44th St. E of B'way BR 9-2067
Evgs. 8:40. Matinees THURS. and SAT. 2:40

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SCREEN

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL

Showplace of the Nation
Rockefeller Center

"A hit-filled musical . . . bright, glittering, lots of fun."
—Eileen Creelman, Sun.

Van Johnson—Judy Garland
Frank Sinatra—June Allyson
Rob. Walker—Kathryn Grayson
Van Heflin—Dinah Shore

"TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY"

in TECHNICOLOR

Lucille Bremer—Lena Horne
Angela Lansbury—Tony Martin
Virginia O'Brien

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

ON THE GREAT STAGE

"GOOD SHIP HOLIDAY," Joyous revue, produced by Leonidoff, settings by Bruno Maine . . . with the Rockettes, Corps de Ballet and Choral Ensemble. Music Hall Symphony Orchestra directed by Charles Previn.

"Best picture of 1946"
—Hedda Hopper

"The BEST Years of Our Lives"

ASTOR BROADWAY AT 45th ST.
Continuous Performances

patrician quality known to the world before and since Augustus.

Even so, without being too Christian about it, the American Repertory Theatre's production has its compensating virtues. One of these is the spiritual innocence of Ernest Truex's Androcles. If only Mr. Truex could be persuaded to forget the squeaks, quavers, and tremolos he used to bowl them over with as a farceur, his Androcles would be perfect instead of satisfactory. Philip Bourneuf is hilarious as the effete Caesar; Richard Waring is an excellent Captain; John Becher a lovable lion, expressively masked by Remo Bufano; and Victor Jory, though made up to look suspiciously like Indian Joe, a highly effective Ferrovius.

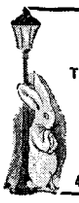
Wolfgang Roth's settings and costumes are gaily original. Needless to say, however, the evening's chief gaiety, its originality, and what remains of its flaming fervor are supplied by Mr. Shaw. No paradox of his paradoxical career is greater to those who have only a passing acquaintance with his work or reputation than that the irreverent Mr. Shaw should have written the two outstanding religious plays and tracts of our time. These are "Saint Joan" and "Androcles" and the prefaces which introduce them. If the greater of these is "Saint Joan," "Androcles and the Lion" can claim its own special radiance.

The buffoon in Mr. Shaw has for many people obscured the mystic. The jester has downed the prophet. The world is so typecast in what it calls its thinking that it is still unwilling to take a gay man seriously. It finds it easier to accept without reservation than to believe in spite of doubts. It wants to be spared the rigors of thought and the embarrassments of truth. It prefers to have its beliefs unshaken, its intelligence unquickened. Too frequently what it believes in is only what it has stopped thinking about.

Mr. Shaw does not drone the need of faith; he explains the why's of that need. His is a week-day no less than a Sunday religion. It reaches beyond the strictures of any particular creed to what is universal in man's aspiration. That is its strength, and its glory, and why it is resisted by those who are parochial even in their spirits.

If, intellectually, Mr. Shaw seems to toss stones through stained-glass windows, he does so only to let the light and fresh air in. His credo has about it an early Christian austerity. Its most unorthodox features are its courage, its honesty, its enlightenment, and its dazzling sanity. If it is condemned as being anti-clerical, it must be at least admired as being pro-Jesus. Yes, and pro the evolution

STAGE



BROCK PEMBERTON presents
FRANK FAY in
The Pulitzer Prize Play by MARY CHASE
"HARVEY"
with JOSEPHINE HULL
Directed by ANTOINETTE PERRY
(Now in its 3rd Year!)
48TH ST. Thea., E. of B'y. N. Y. City. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

SCREEN

JOAN CRAWFORD
JOHN GARFIELD
In Warners'
"HUMORESQUE"
with
OSCAR LEVANT
J. Carroll Naish

Directed by Jean Negulesco
Produced by Jerry Wald

HOLLYWOOD THEATRE
B'way at 51 St. Continuous

Paramount Presents
BETTY HUTTON
SONNY TUFTS
"CROSS MY HEART"
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE
IN PERSON
ANDREWS SISTERS
TONY PASTOR
and his orchestra
PLUS
LES PAUL and his TRIO
Times Square PARAMOUNT Midnight Feature Nightly

HANDY WAY TO SUBSCRIBE

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE
25 West 45th St., New York 19, N. Y.

Please enter my subscription for

☐ 1 yr. $6.00 ☐ 2 yrs. $9.00
☐ 3 yrs. $12.00
☐ Remittance Enclosed ☒ Bill Me

Name .....

Address .....

City .....Zone.....State....
J11

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the best in man. Its concern is not what man has inherited, but what he may inherit if he is true to his potentialities rather than his past.

You can ascribe the talents of authors to what you will. But one thing is certain. The power of their minds, the heat of their curiosities, the minuteness of their observation, and the excellence of their styles do not cover their genius. There are scores of writers who, though blessed with these endowments, remain pygmies. They do so because of what is pint-sized in their spirits. It is the magnitude of Mr. Shaw's spirit which elevates all his other remarkable gifts into greatness. Men who at heart are lice can write like angels, but only a good man and a big one can write like Mr. Shaw.

William Rothenstein sensed this long ago in those days when Mr. Shaw's beard was redder than the reddest of his beliefs and when "he did not wait until he was famous to behave like a great man." Wrote Rothenstein in "Men and Memories," "No man has shown less resentment at contempt and hostility than Shaw. He held his head high, and kept his temper and poured out his wit. Every gallant cause has had his support. . . . No step was lighter, eye fresher, nor tongue freer nor cleaner than Shaw's. No decadence in him; he was a figure apart, brilliant, genial, wholesome, a great wit, a gallant foe, and a staunch friend, a Swift without bitterness. . . . Yet many men deemed him a cad, a vulgarian, a dangerous charlatan, while he went his way, head high, body alert, ready to spring at the sight of wrong, injustice, or stupidity."

Beneath all the wit and the fooling, the impudence and the gaiety of "Androcles," that same spirit shines. It is the laughing spirit of a man who has the courage of his sanity; an ascetic who long ago became convinced that moral passion is the only real passion.

The dimension of Mr. Shaw's spirit can perhaps best be guessed at by the definition he once gave of the happy, because fulfilled, life. Said he in his preface to "Man and Superman," "This is the true joy in life, the being used for a purpose recognized by yourself as a mighty one; the being thoroughly worn out before you are thrown on the scrap heap; the being a force of Nature instead of a feverish selfish little clod of ailments and grievances complaining that the world will not devote itself to making you happy." No one can charge Mr. Shaw with having been such a little clod of grievances. As his "Androcles and the Lion" again demonstrates, he has not only devoted himself to making the world happier, but wiser, hence better, too.

JOHN MASON BROWN.

COLUMBIA BOOKS

Why dread growing older?

AGING SUCCESSFULLY

By GEORGE LAWTON. An outstanding psychologist and lecturer offers you an informal, informative guide to an enriched old age, with specific advice on such problems as changing personal relationships, financial independence, and jobs after fifty—while at the same time giving you the feeling of a friendly consultation with an expert. $2.75

A VICTORIAN ALBUM

Some Lady Novelists of the Period

By LUCY POATE STEBBINS. A miscellany of highly entertaining and perceptive character studies of a group of fascinating women. Written with wit and spirit by the co-author of THE TROLLOPES. *Illustrated.* $2.50

A HISTORY OF AMERICAN PHILOSOPHY

By HERBERT W. SCHNEIDER. In this brilliant synthesis of American thought an outstanding scholar in the field surveys the entire range of ideas developed in this country, many of which still influence our current thinking. $4.50

STORIES OF CHINA AT WAR

Edited by CHI-CHEN WANG. An engrossing and significant collection of Chinese short stories written since the outbreak of the Sino-Japanese war in 1937. A companion volume to Prof. Wang's anthology of the pre-war period, CONTEMPORARY CHINESE STORIES. $2.50

SCIENCE AND FREEDOM

By LYMAN BRYSON. A leading educator and broadcaster on world affairs, Counsellor on Public Affairs of CBS, defines the instruments and processes of scientific thought by which, he believes, social change can be directed to make a Good Society. $2.75

America's standard authority with new post-war supplement

THE COLUMBIA ENCYCLOPEDIA

The ideal reference work for home, school and office is now more useful than ever with its POST-WAR SUPPLEMENT of 1,710 articles and over 150,000 words, which provides up-to-date information on world events to March, 1946.

Complete in one volume, $19.50; Supplement alone, $2.00

At all bookstores

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS
Morningside Heights • New York 27

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ORDER YOUR COPY TODAY

Treat yourself to The latest book of

DOUBLE-CROSTICS

(Series 19)

PREPARE *now for that first too-good-to-be-true quiet evening* at home, after the holiday rush. Be sure that there's a copy of DOUBLE-CROSTICS 19 on the little table next to your easy chair. You can get your copy by sending us the coupon below. Mail it today, and DOUBLE-CROSTICS 19 (the newest book in the series) will be on your doorstep almost before you turn around.

DOUBLE-CROSTICS 19 contains 50 more of Mrs. Kingsley's incomparable literary puzzles. It is NOT an anthology of the Double-Crostics that appear each week in The Saturday Review. *Every puzzle in* DOUBLE-CROSTICS 19 *is brand new and has never before appeared in print.* This book is guaranteed to furnish 100 hours of absorbing entertainment to everyone except confirmed Patience-players and bibliophobes.

CLIP THIS COUPON

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE
25 West 45 Street
New York 19, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

Please send me.....copies of DOUBLE-CROSTICS 19 at $1.50 each. I will pay postman $1.50 each plus few cents C.O.D. charges.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....Zone .....State .....

☐ SAVE MAILING COSTS by enclosing remittance. If you enclose remittance with this coupon we will pay mailing charges. NYC residents add 2% City Sales Tax.

HEARING THINGS

MELODY, IS IT DATED?

AN INQUIRY into musical taste yields typical examples of that amazing faculty of assimilation which is able to reconcile the most divergent art or separate the most similar. One person likes Bach and Mahler, the other loves Mozart but rejects Rossini, the third admires both Brahms and Wagner, while the fourth, who finds much strength in Beethoven, dismisses Haydn as puerile. In this Babelic confusion we find a recurring type which worships Strauss but abominates Puccini, lavishes praise on Sibelius but has nothing but scorn for Tchaikowsky. How can such preferences and aversions be explained? Why should admiration for Strauss and Sibelius lead to antagonism towards Puccini and Tchaikowsky? He who seeks the universal in art, the transcendent, and the heroic, finds himself equally removed from these elements in the music of all four composers, but he will find considerably more warm and heartfelt music in the despised ones, now dead, than in the two deans of musical post-Romanticism who managed to survive their own century.

There is a kind of music-lover who listens only to the B Minor Mass, the Ninth Symphony, and "Götterdämmerung"; he has the soul of an angry prophet, immersed in the contemplation of the infinite, always expecting from music the supreme revelations of art and life. If such a man—a Jeremiah of music—does not like Tchaikowsky or Puccini, we may not agree with him but there is logic in his reasoning. He knows no gradations and for him there is no such thing as relativity, for he listens only to the highest manifestations of the spirit—and perhaps he is right. But he who descends from the heights to listen to the lesser prophets, Strauss and Sibelius, has no right to dismiss Tchaikowsky and Puccini. His scorn of these two musicians has no reasonable basis, and is often a fad, a pose. In some circles the Tchaikowsky-Puccini hatred carries with it letters of nobility, a title, whose holder virtually enjoys feudal rights over the followers of these low-brow composers.

Our two untouchables are poles apart in temperament and attitude but what binds them together is the very thing that is missing in Strauss and Sibelius, their imaginary adversaries: they are incomparable melodists. And there is no music without melody. To be sure there are all kinds of melodies, simple and complicated, old and new, but they must be more than a pattern of notes, they must express a musical idea. Chance could not create a musical melody in a thousand years. The mathematical and cabalistic combinations gamblers use in the hope of beating the roulette wheel are a trifle compared to the useless attempts at creating artificial melodies, for melody can be invented by a poet only, and we might say a genius only. Since Strauss and Sibelius are notoriously deficient in melodic inventiveness, although admittedly skilful in other respects, whereas Puccini and Tchaikowsky invented not one but hundreds of good melodies, and at the same time are not a whit behind the other two in the handling of the orchestra, one wonders why they should humbly take back seats.

PUCCINI'S melodies are solid and well woven; they fit admirably into the frame of the well-balanced orchestral background, which nevertheless is itself rich in beautiful episodes. The melodies always appear at the theatrically proper moments and—not unworthy of the great traditions of the Italian lyric stage—are naturally related to them. It is true that these melodies are at times a bit pale, but it is a noble and inspired pallor. Perhaps Puccini does not feel the drama, but he does feel the tragedy. The tragic atmosphere is strong and fearful at the end of the second act of "Tosca," irresistibly poignant in "Madama Butterfly" when the Japanese girl pulls the ceremonial dagger from its red-lacquered sheath; it is tearful in "Manon," and cruel in "Il Tabarro." Puccini's music reflects a positive and unmistakable personality, which is present in his earliest works; his operatic figures are alive, and his theatrical situations are forceful and plausible. Compared with Verdi, his protagonists are not heroic, and like the melodies are somewhat pale; their world tends to be the same whether in France, Japan, or Italy; that is, he is more international than universal, but what matters is the presence of inspiration. And this music undoubtedly comes from deep regions. Sardou and Murger may have presented him with *comédie larmoy-*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ante, but he made musico-dramatic flesh and blood out of it.

Strauss started with Wagnerian balladry and, following Wilde and Hoffmansthal, finished by composing orgiastic orchestral fantasies in which the singers shriek disconnected melodic fragments while the orchestra all but overpowers them. Both "Salome" and "Elektra" are curiously threadbare when sung to the accompaniment of a piano, that is, when the magic of the orchestra is taken away, whereas Puccini can be sung without accompaniment and is still moving.

The same is true of Tchaikowsky. He is a most gifted melodist; in fact, the lyricism which he pours out in such floods in his symphonies often threatens to wash away the symphonic form and substance. It is true that he is hysterical, that he sometimes thrashes about blindly, but even in his worst moments he remains essentially a musician, and not infrequently he is a musician of the first water. There are parts of his symphonies that tower above anything that Strauss or Sibelius has done. Granted that he is unpredictable in his degree of faithfulness to symphonic procedures, but he is yet vibrant and fascinates even when he goes on a brutal rampage or dissolves into tears.

The obesity of much of Sibelius's music, its turgidity, and its redundance offset the many good points that are in his favor. His melodies are long drawn out (sometimes thirty or more bars in length!) and give the impression of lack of articulation, their ponderous nature emphasized by a preference for static harmony and pedal points. "En Saga," to mention one instance, contains an interminable passage of eighty-six bars of nothing but dominant seventh and tonic triad. While he is undoubtedly a sincere artist, his music strikes us as rather out of touch with our world; he carries us to regions from which we prefer to return even to the hysterical and overemotional but none the less real world of Tchaikowsky. The prime virtues of his music elicit admiration but tediousness, too.

The aftermath of the post-Romantic era resulted in a virtual hostility to melody, since melody was considered the chief culprit in that emotional hypertrophy of the Romantic period which all good modern musicians feel it their duty to avoid. Yet the best of our modern composers do not sacrifice melodic inventiveness to orchestral virtuosity. We must, of course, learn how to listen to modern melody, but in the meantime let us not listen to the pseudo-moderns and condemn those who, in their unabashed way, regale us with that old-fashioned thing called melody.

PAUL HENRY LANG.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 186

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 186 will be found in the next issue.

ZNB, CFTBM GQ WYY BSM

ADTBTATITJR MYOMC,

BSGCM HSG HGNYL KWXM

NC QMMY, KNCB QMMY

BSMKCMYOMC.—BSM

DGCATWL. —ASWDYMC

ASNDASTYY.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 185

Wear your learning, like your watch, in a private pocket: and do not merely pull it out and strike it; merely to show you have one.

PHILIP STANHOPE
Earl of Chesterfield, Letter to His Son.

Your chances are better if you read Harper's MAGAZINE

because HARPER'S is read by the people who count most. It holds their interest. It will hold yours, too, because it supplies the indispensable background for major developments — *months before they break into front-page headlines.* Because of this, wide-awake executives and smart women read Harper's. You should too. Try it now.

Coming next issue: *The Lost Liberals,* by John Fischer; *The Jazz Cult,* by Ernest Borneman; *I Run For Office,* by Richard L. Neuberger; *American Imperialism, New Style?*—articles by R. G. Tugwell and Earl P. Hanson — plus other features and sparkling fiction.

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE

7 MONTHS Harper's MAGAZINE ONLY $2.

Harper's Magazine
637 Madison Ave.
New York 22, N. Y.

Please send me Harper's for 7 months beginning with the Feb. issue at the special rate of only $2.00.

☐ Bill me later
☐ Amount enclosed

FREE An additional month, if you enclose payment.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ Zone No._____

STATE_____ SRL 1-15

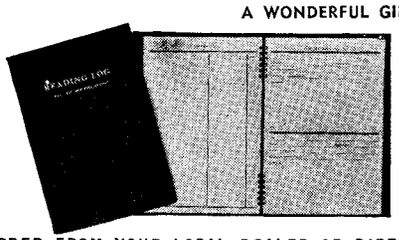
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

READING LOG

"READ BUT NOT FORGOTTEN"

A fascinating book for recording worth while things you read: books, stories, articles. Spaces for title, author, comments, etc. Red or brown leatherette cover, gold title. 92 pages. 6" by 8". $1.00 postpaid.

A WONDERFUL GIFT



ORDER FROM YOUR LOCAL DEALER OR DIRECT

FREDERICK H. BEACH, DEPT. A-11
200 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 10, N. Y.
I enclose $..... for ..... READING LOGS.
NAME .....
STREET .....
CITY ..... STATE .....

CONCERT HALL SOCIETY

Vinylite Records

PROKOFIEFF—Music for Children
3 records played by Ray Lev AC* $4.73*

BEETHOVEN—Irish Songs
3 records sung by Richard Dyer-Bennet AG* $4.73*

GRIEG—Sonata in A Minor
3 records played by Garbousova, 'cello; Balsam, piano. AD $7.20*

* Plus City Sales Tax in N.Y.C. (Prices subject to change). Shipments Express Collect.

We carry a complete stock of all recordings. Write for Catalog of Records, Appliances, Cameras and Gifts.

RABSONS MAILMART DEPT. 38

111 West 52nd St., New York 19
CI. 7-0069

WHAT KIND OF READING DO YOU LIKE?

If you like humor—you'll enjoy *Hoss Sense and Nonsense* by Kin Hubbard, *Don Quixote Fights a Lion* by Miguel de Cervantes and *Advice to a Young Man in Love* by William Makepeace Thackeray.

If you like good short stories—you'll want to read *The Procurator of Judaea* by Anatole France and *Rafting with Royalty* by Mark Twain.

If you like mystery—you'll relish *The Strange Death of Dot King* by Russel Crouse.

If you like psychology—you'll appreciate *How Women Invented Romance* by Theodore Reik and *Forming a Good Habit* by William James.

If you like science—you're sure to enjoy *Four Years in a Shed* by Eve Curie and *Heredity vs. Environment* by Edwin Grant Conklin.

If you like puzzles—you'll have fun with the *Fact or Fiction?* and *Wit's End* quizzes.

These and a score of other features appealing to the many-sided interests of intelligent men and women appear in the January issue of ENCORE, now on sale at leading newsstands at 25c a copy.

The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER. NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING		REMARKS
	Recording Technique	*Surface*	
PROKOFIEFF, MUSIC FOR CHILDREN, Op. 65 (1935). Ray Lev, pianist. Concert Hall album AC $4.50 (*Unlimited ed.*)	Fine piano recording. Vinylite (purple-black type) is irregular in my copy; imperfections, some noise.	AA to A— (*plastic*)	(*See below*) First albums in new unlimited series by this company. Technically on somewhat lower level than subscr. series, still good. Prokofieff is delightful, highly recommended. Beethoven settings of popular Irish airs show mastery even in hack work. Dyer Bennett interesting choice for this semi-folk music. Sings well, if nasally.
IRISH SONGS, arr. Beethoven. Richard Dyer-Bennett (with piano, violin, cello). Concert Hall album AG. $4.50 (*Unlimited ed.*)	Good balance between voice, piano, strings. Again, some minor imperfections my copy. (Note: Most plastic, except top quality, seems to suffer this way now.)	AA to B+ (*plastic*)	
BABY DODDS, Drum. Solos. Disc 709 (2 10") $2.75	Very heavily recorded, and most realistic. A well-balanced pick-up should take it, including lightweight ones.	B+	Sorry I'm late on this. Who but Disc would think of it—a "stunning" example of "authentic" music; the powerhouse behind jazz. Don't play it late at night!
WAGNER, DIE MEISTERSINGER: Two monologues. Herbert Janssen, Met. Opera Orch. Col. X 269 (2) $2.85	Janssen set is better. Older recording has characteristic "ringing" distortion of male voice, hard on ears. Janssen post-war recording is free of this. Close-to microphoning plus high fidelity bring out diction: hence personality of Hans Sachs.	A—	Nissen performance is better, more opulent; Nissen a bigger voice, Saxon Orch. is first rate. Janssen's voice is inadequate though performance is moving. Met. opera is casual, thin.
Comparison: Hans Nissen, Saxon State Orch. (*in complete Act III*) Victor M 537, sides 5-7.		A	

CHILDREN'S PIANO MUSIC

FEW composers of recent times have written good music for children to play. Partly it is because of the Victorian attitude still so prevalent that children are not fit to understand "real" music and must be written down to. Partly it is because many composers, not knowing children, think they share their elders' prejudice. Grown-ups may not like "dissonance," and may hanker for some "good, old-fashioned harmony"; but kids are likely to go straight to the root of things and enjoy the good modern—even the most dissonant—as much or more than their elders!

But the biggest reason for the lack of good children's piano music is simplicity. There is a reaction to simplicity in many arts today, notably architecture, where the straight line replaces the curlycue. But most contemporary music is the continuation of a school of enormous complexity and virtuosity. We have borrowed the nineteenth-century idea that great music must be big and very hard to play; that little, easy works are somehow little in conception—this in spite of Schubert, of Gluck, Praetorius, Dowland, Haydn, and a hundred others who thrived on outward simplicity.

What can your child piano student play that is both easy and great, to compare with the little classics of earlier masters? If you want one heartening answer, listen to the children's pieces of Prokofieff (above) as recorded by Ray Lev, and buy the music. (Am-Rus ed. Leeds Music Co., N. Y.) Technically, they range from easy to moderate, and compare roughly with the "Album for the Young" of Schumann ("Happy Farmer," etc.), so often used by piano teachers. Musically I find them charming and sincere, full of the most delicate musical subtleties, without a trace of writing down.

This is the best kind of music for the piano beginner because it demands greater musical perception than finger technique, because musically it can continue to grow long years after the notes have been mastered. Too much student piano music is ninety-five per cent long on technique, short to the vanishing point on musical profundity.

EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Part of the Lyric Gift

SLOW MUSIC. By Genevieve Taggard. New York: Harper & Bros. 1946. 62 pp. $2.

Reviewed by JAMES R. CALDWELL

IN THIS book of poems Miss Taggard appears, as she has hitherto, brilliant, various, and warm. I know of no poet to whom the lyric gift appears more native. Her words are lithe, eager, and beforehand. They move to serve her precise purposes with a suppleness that seems, in these bleak and muscular days, almost illicit.

> In Giliad, affirms the small
> Invisible thrush with delicate throat—
> Where we delay or return to hear it—
> Of which the importunate psalmist wrote
> For the broken spirit.

Lines like these might in another poet suggest mere skill and evasion. In Miss Taggard's firm fabric they denote, rather, poise and audacity. She dares to write, among other things, some sweetly lyrical verse.

The other things are in this small volume numerous and varied. Indeed, she seems not much disposed to renounce any valid poetic resource or mode of apprehension. The sphere of her perception includes events of the simplest and also of the most complex structures, from the clear linear pattern of "Delight" or "Evangel"—

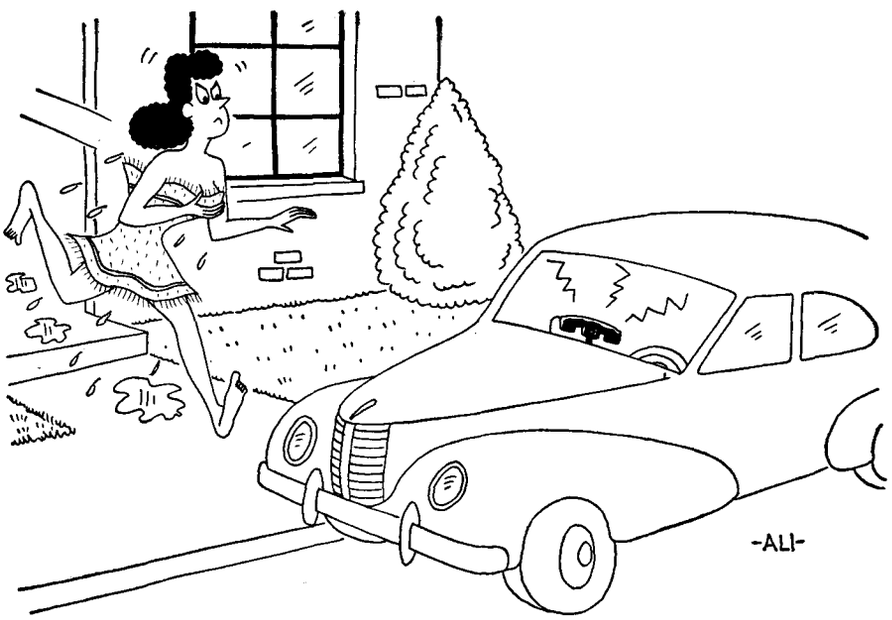
> In the world of the poor
> Lily means lily
> Valley means valley—

to such involved compositions of concept, image, and symbol as "The Little Girl with Bands on Her Teeth."

> We need an essential plinth in the gap of that pity.
> Farewell, Child. Try to hear my bleak meaning.

Although there is in these diverse reports a constant and characteristic touch, hers is an illusive identity. Her several levels of experience, her various refractions and seemingly disparate assumptions appear, when one stops to think about them, hardly to be reconciled in one poet. For instance, while a passion for the common, massive, and anonymous is for her fundamental, yet she constantly reveals a rippling delight in the unique, the sheer, the personal. Her ultimate recourse is to the common genius of toiling man, "those who never made books or small poems," but there is in her also a patrician pride of faculty which disdains recourse to anything beyond itself. Perhaps this latter is merely an aspect of the larger pride of life that keeps flaring up in her work.

And it may be that it is this plain, unquenchable delight in life (and poetry) which holds her seemingly centrifugal impulses to the indefinable unity and integration one feels in this book. A delight which can include one and many, fluid and discrete, ephemeral and continuous. At any rate, there is nothing tentative or half-souled in these orientations. Her senses, her mind, and her emotions, in their simple as in their complex moments, are cordial and positive. In the warmth and span of Miss Taggard's sensibility one discovers a vital unorthodoxy, and I think also a vital reassurance.



MSS to Books

CONSULT
THE NORTH RIVER PRESS
if you have a MS which you wish to make into a book for special distribution
311 West 43 St. New York 18

L'ART EN GRÈCE
Monumental Work on Greek Art. The Immortal Masterpieces in Superb Photographic Reproductions. 357 Plates. Size 11x15 inches.
Price $20.00
ARTBOOK IMPORTS
Sole Distributors
381 BLEECKER STREET, NEW YORK 14
Telephone WAtkins 9-2425
We carry a full line of imported art books. Send for catalogue.

SELLS 78 ARTICLES AS RESULT OF N.I.A. TRAINING
"Before enrolling in N.I.A., I had never written a single line for publication. Since taking the course, I have sold 78 articles. I have several regular markets for all the material I have time to write. Two fiction stories are in the making. All credit to N.I.A." Susan L. Brown, R.D. #1, Walden, N. Y.

How Do You Know You *Can't* Write?

HAVE you ever tried?
Have you ever attempted even the least bit of training, under competent guidance?
Or have you been sitting back waiting for the day to come when you will awaken all of a sudden to the discovery, "I am a writer?"
If the latter course is the one of your choosing, you probably never will write. Lawyers must be law clerks. Doctors must be internes. Engineers must be draftsmen.
That is why the Newspaper Institute of America bases its writing instruction on journalism—continuous writing—the training that has produced so many successful authors.

Learn to write by writing

Newspaper Institute's New York Copy Desk Method starts and keeps you writing in your own home. You receive actual assignments, just as if you were at work on a great metropolitan daily. Your writing is individually corrected and constructively criticized. Under such sympathetic guidance, you will find that (instead of vainly trying to copy some one else's writing tricks) you are rapidly creating your own distinctive, self-flavored style—undergoing an experience that develops your talent, insight, background and confidence as nothing else could.
Many potential writers become awestruck by fabulous stories about millionaire authors and, therefore, give little thought to the $25, $50 and $100 or more that can often be earned for material that takes little time to write—stories, articles on business, fashions, travel, homemaking, hobbies, local, club and church activities, etc.—things that can easily be turned out in leisure moments.

A chance to test yourself—FREE!

Our unique Writing Aptitude Test tells whether you possess the fundamental qualities necessary to successful writing—acute observation, dramatic instinct, creative imagination, etc. You'll enjoy taking this test. The coupon will bring it free, without obligation. Newspaper Institute of America, One Park Ave., New York 16, N. Y. (Founded 1925)

VETERANS: This course approved for Veterans' training.

FREE NEWSPAPER INSTITUTE OF AMERICA
One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.
Send me without cost or obligation, your Free Writing Aptitude Test and further information about writing for profit as promised in Saturday Review of Literature, Jan. 11th.
Mr. / Mrs. / Miss .....
Address .....
☐ *Check here if you are eligible under the G. I. Bill of Rights.* (All correspondence confidential. No salesman will call on you.) 61-A-807

Copyright 1946 Newspaper Institute of America

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Phoenix Nest

THE BALLAD OF MONSTERS

OFAIN would I find in time's reliquary
Old Python that was of Apollo slain,
Or Jormungand, that legendary
Snake that 'neath Yggdrasil has lain
For ages, they say, and gnawed amain
The world's live roots; or, if any ken,
The Gargoyle that laired in the River Seine!
These once were the monsters that haunted men.

The hippocentaur or sagittary,
The salamander that Pliny knew;
More birds than ever the volucrary
Of Francis Willughby named in the blue;
The firedrake, and remora too
That foundered great galleons ten and ten;
The roc that flew over Kanbalu—
Where now are these monsters that haunted men?

The basilisk fades. The snarling hairy
Black dog of Pluto we pelt with stones.
Werewolf nor cockatrice Time will spare. He
Tombs them with Rawhead and Bloodybones.
Echidna, lost to her Typhon, moans.
Nor ogre nor giant may growl again.
Jötunheim is a mist. Mount Aetna groans
"I have buried the monsters that haunted men!"

Though our sun be a baleful luminary,
Antaeus and Anak have passed from Man
With days when Genii builded airy
Marvelous Baalbec for Jan ben Jan
In the hush of the world ere time began,
When "ye gyant Angoulaffre," some clerkly pen
Scrawled, was outwitted by Roland's plan,
Such being the monsters that haunted men.

But now, in our modern bestiary,
Winged dragons annihilate time and space,
And out of the atom incendiary
Roars up a cloud with a gorgon face;
And War, and hatreds of creed and race,
With Mammon throned, make the world a den . . .
O vast Creator, grant of Thy grace
These pass, like the monsters that haunted men!

The above is a revamping and abbreviating of a ballad (never before reprinted) that originally appeared over thirty years ago in the Christmas number of *The Century Magazine* at the end of that fateful year 1914, when World War I had begun in August. I am proud that the artist, John Sloan, did the illustrations for the original. War was in our minds then —but neither rocket planes nor atom bombs!

* * *

The Earle Walbridge communique:

Moving pictures have made a belated but welcome discovery of Joseph Shearing. "Moss Rose" is now before the Twentieth Century-Fox cameras, with a cast including Ethel Barrymore and Victor Mature, and "Blanche Fury" (compared by one critic to "Wuthering Heights") will be filmed in England, starring Valerie Hobson. The plot-source of "Moss Rose," which had hitherto eluded me, came to light in James Sandoe's lively bibliography, "Criminal Clef; Tales and Plays Based on Real Crimes" (*Wilson Library Bulletin*, December 1946, pp. 299-307). The novel is based on the Coram Street murder in London, on Christmas morning, 1873. Dr. Hessel, a German clergyman, was arrested for the murder of Harriet Buswell, but was released and "indemnified for his sufferings by a very large subscription," according to the *Annual Register*. Mrs. Gabrielle Campbell Long ("Joseph Shearing"), confirming the identification, writes me: "The Coram Street murder, 1873, *was* the starting point of 'Moss Rose.' When a young girl I lived near Coram Street and heard whispers of this murder, that seemed to have made an enormous impression, from my gossiping old nurse. This must have been more than thirty years after the crime but the street was still banned. I believe the name was changed, but the house is (or was recently) still standing as a photograph of it was used by Messrs. Heineman to illustrate 'Moss Rose.' Not until years after again did I 'look up' this story, but the Bloomsbury atmosphere is such as I recall from my childhood off Russell Square." The very latest Shearing, "For Her to See," is based on the Charles Bravo murder of seventy years ago, Mrs. Long tells me.

* * *

In re Philip Duschnes's recent catalogue, the following comes from August Derleth, of Mycroft & Moran, publishers (directors: Mycroft Holmes and Colonel Sebastian Moran) of Sauk City, Wisconsin:

Your note in the issue of December 7 *SRL*, which has just come to hand, prompts me to inquire whether you were aware of the sequel to Duschnes's offer of "The Necronomicon." The book, of course, as you know, was the invention of the late H. P. Lovecraft, but ever since I established Arkham House to publish Lovecraft and other writers in the genre of the macabre, I've had to try to convince indignant inquirers that the mad Arab's book and other similar tomes were the invention of Lovecraft and of his successors in the Cthulhu Mythos.

The most amusing aspect of D's offer of Abdul Alhazred's book, I think, was the fact that Winfield Townley Scott, the w-k poet and literary editor of the *Providence Journal* took it up, published D's note about No. 511 in his catalog in toto, and then added some notes of his own. I enclose a copy of what Scott had in his Bookman's Galley of December 13, 1946. He sent another copy to me, asking for comment, and of course I wrote back immediately that: (a) If D had such a book, it was a barefaced fraud—we've had offers from crackpots to "write" it for Arkham House; (b) if not, it was a hoax.

A week later, October 20, Scott published a letter from Duschnes, admitting the hoax—"Of course the whole thing is a hoax and the give-away is the fact that I mentioned a copy in the University of Arkham, Mass., both the university and the town being non-existent in the State of Massachusetts. You asked why I did it and I do not know other than that I was tired of cataloguing real books for many years and I thought I would make up one for the fun of it. I think I may be excused on the basis that a little laugh now and then is worth having."

I also wish to thank Ely Albert Castleman of Baltimore, Md., for his letter on the same subject.

* * *

Re the poem, "Dryburgh Abbey," Mrs. Ernest L. Carr of Milton, Massachusetts, says she has culled it from the Notes and Queries Department of the *Boston Transcript*. It was written by Charles Swain and has forty four-line stanzas. I thank her for the copy she has sent me. If Mr. Pierce Butler of Natchez, Mississippi, wishes it, will he send me a self-addressed envelope for same.

* * *

Will David H. Kiser, who wrote "Assembly" please send me his address?

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

CORRECTION

The publication date of Booth Tarkington's "The Show Piece" (Doubleday) was inadvertently broken by *The Saturday Review* with a review in its issue of December 28. Actually the book will not be published until January 23.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COCARBOXYLASE AND GENERAL LEE

(*Continued from page 9*)

onel Willis except that he was handsome and that he was brave, that for a little time in the year 1862 or thereabouts he was stationed near my great-grandfather's farm (long enough to fall in love with my Grandmother and at least gain her regard) and then he was killed.

Freud, Jung, and Adler would have called Colonel Willis by an ugly name. They would have called that splendid, dashing figure of chivalry a Suppressed Desire. They would have done it coldly, analytically, catching none of the faint, nostalgic odor of lavender in which memory wraps its precious and high emprises. My Grandmother's answer to that would have been "fiddlesticks!," too. To her, Freud, Jung, and Adler would have been "a parcel of foreigners." She was as superstitious of foreigners as many people today are of Communists. Foreigners were persons capable of wreaking dread havoc upon the country and the fact that they had never done so within her memory or given any evidence of being able to do so merely deepened her mistrust of them. They were holding their hands, biding their time, for dark and mysterious purposes of their own.

IN my Grandmother's eyes there was a great deal of sin and wickedness on earth. But she was no pessimist. Balancing the scale was General Lee—and the Presbyterian church to implement him if need be. The psychiatrists, no doubt, would have an answer for this. They would have weighed the fact that my Grandmother had married and borne seven daughters to a man of brilliant, but lazy, Irish temperament, who made little salary as a judge and squandered much of that in gratifying an insatiable Irish hunger for land—any land, certainly in his case impracticable land. Seven daughters, the psychiatrists might have reflected, shaking doleful heads, but no sons! Here was frustration which could be sublimated in the figure of a hero. Significant also that the hero, too, symbolized a lost cause.

Perhaps they would be right. But the symbol of General Lee was a massive rather than an individual complex. Hundreds of thousands of my Grandmother's contemperoraries, I suspect, put him on the same sort of pedestal—or altar. A lost cause for which you have sacrificed greatly is dearer and righter, too, however mistaken, than any cause you have ever won. General Lee was very real and so was sin, though the day may come when both have lost their causes and will be forgotten. The Era of Pyruvic Acid may be closer than we know.

This essay will not debate the question of whether man has a spirit, an immortal soul of which he is the captain, or whether he is merely a somatic collection of chemicals with conditioned reflexes. My grandmother did not live in an era of neuropsychiatry, endocrinology, child guidance, and vitamins working their way toward canonization. Tell her that the soft look in Colonel Willis's eyes was cocarboxylase, that General Lee and all he stood for to a war-torn, disemboweled South was the result of hormonic interplay between the adrenal and pituitary glands—well, you could have told her. I wouldn't have. She had plenty of adrenalin herself.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE SWAN SANG ONCE *Marjorie Carleton* (Morrow: $2.50)	Slaying of cripple in North Woods involves mysterious bride of former Army doctor, who is on trail of much greater wickedness.	Chilling study in hate and terror, with an Act-of-God ending. Backgrounds colorful, people interesting, and finish quite satisfactory.	Subtle shocker
FOOTBRIDGE TO DEATH *Kathleen Moore Knight* (Crime Club: $2.)	Back-from-war husband of Penberthy Island heiress and shady French girl friend die violently. Elisha Macomber forces confession from slayer.	Rapacious in-laws of unwanted wife try to hang crimes on her, but Macomber's unorthodox methods, plus love, conquer all.	Pretty good

PERSONALS

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special, intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; traveling companions; ideas for sale. communications of a decorous nature: opinions (limited to 50 lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence. Rates: 20c per word. Count 2 extra words for Box and Number. Rates for several insertions—52 times, 12c a word; 26 times, 14c a word; 13 times, 17c a word; 6 times, 19c a word. Full payment must be received fifteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address: Personals Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45 Street, New York 19, N. Y.

IF YOU ARE "healthy, wealthy and philosophical," then you'll enjoy leisurely ramble New York to Florida, Texas, or your own destination, with a mature non-speeding gentleman-philosopher-Yaleman. Costs you (one or two) 15c per mile and your own expenses. Box 631-S.

TALK FRENCH IN 3 MONTHS. Also advanced. Parisian. CO 5-7590, 9-5 weekdays. N. Y. C.

VETERAN, MATURE, broad liberal education, extensive travel, varied background rebuilding his life, desires anything requiring intelligence, integrity, ambition with future. Knows fluent Russian. Box 721-S.

IS THERE A PHYSICIAN, or other realist with humanitarian principles, to enjoy correspondence with mature, educated woman? Box 723-S.

ANN FARBER CANDIES, "The Connoisseur's Treat." Chocolates—$2.50 per pound plus postage outside NYC. Purest ingredients—not factory made. Orders delivered—regularly if desired. 362 East 72 Street, N. Y. BU 8-4648.

SIMPLIFICATION. Articles of all kinds put into simple language, easy style, and correct grammar by skilled staff of readability experts. Steward-Sparrow Associates, 5441 Kenmore, Chicago 40.

SLEIGH RIDE TO THE TOP, ski (cross-country) back home to small oldstyle, fireplaced, farmcooked mulled-cidered Lull's Brook Inn, RFD 1, Windsor, Vt.

YOUNG MAN, European background, country-raised, interests; country life, farming, ceramics, music, invites similar correspondence. Box 722-S.

HOTEL ALGONQUIN, 59 W. 44 Street, New York 18, N. Y. Half a block from Fifth Avenue. We are offering to accredited writers, teachers and members of Equity, available Friday, Saturday and Sunday (three nights) Single room & bath—$12, Double room & bath—$17.50, Sitting-room, bedroom & bath—$23.50. Excellent restaurant. Within walking distance of better shops and theatres.

CONFUSED COLLEGE CHAP, eager to learn, welcomes youthful or mature opinions regarding politics, morals, education, etc. Box 724-S.

CIGARETTES—Popular brands; minimum 3 cartons. Price $1.46 per carton; postpaid. Send check or money order. Ace Mail Order Co., East Orange 52, N. J.

ARE YOU LOOKING FOR A QUIET PLACE TO WORK OR RELAX? Come to the Yankee Clipper at Rockport, Mass., a beautiful modern home right on the ocean, open year round, delicious meals, rooms with bath, beautifully furnished $45, $50, $55 per week. American plan, 127 Granite Street. Tel. Rockport 507.

GIRL, professional invites similar, intelligent male correspondence—medics included too. Box 725-S.

HOW CAN I FIND OUT? Information discreetly developed, any matter, person, problem, anywhere. Personal—business assignments, representations, undertaken. Nation-wide. Officially licensed and Bonded Service. Established 1922. Reasonable. All inquiries confidential. William Herman, 170 Broadway, New York.

WILL SOME BROADMINDED, youngish female write to lonely, sincere but trenchant male? Box 726-S.

YOUNG WOMAN, M.A., PBK, knowledge and experience embracing literature, writing, research, radio, theatre, science, seeks employment New York City. Box 727-S.

URGENT, VIOLINIST AND VET want to make music. Need 1½-3 room apartment to get married. Manhattan vicinity. Box 682-S.

(Continued on page 34)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

(Continued from page 33)

COMEDY WRITERS, CARTOONISTS. Just out: "Punch Lines" containing over 200 original belly-laughs suitable for stage, radio or periodicals. Written by nation's top gagman. Send $1 to Laughs Unlimited, 505 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

INTERESTED IN FIREARMS? Send for free list of books on subject; also ordnance and explosives. Also offering, just published, "U. S. Firearms", 1776-1946, with 88 full-page plates, 1100 figures, $6,000. Box 415-S.

ROGUE MALE, vivacious, audacious, versatile, welcomes correspondence, scintillating or profound, from talented, philosophical vixen. Box 729-S.

PECANS, "sugared" (Pecanes Pralinees), fortify weary hunters, titillate polite nibblers. Postpaid ½ lb. sample tin (orange or "Café au lait"), $1.15. Both flavors, $2.00. Aabaa's Kitchen, Box 5245, New Orleans.

TRY OUR GROUP OF EUROPEANS for translations, research, special typing, etc., American Committee for Emigre Scholars, Writers and Artists, 66 Fifth Ave., NYC. GR 7-8464 ext. 6.

WOULD A CHARMING AND GRACIOUS LADY please exchange views with a young man interested in "Petticoat Government"? Box 667-S.

CAT-LOVERS! Revel in the special cat number of National Geographic Magazine, replete with color plates, all breeds, only $2.00 postpaid. Send for free list of cat books, prints, etc. Box 716-Q.

LONESOME EASTERN WOMAN would welcome letters from men near the Pacific Coast, or elsewhere. Box 730-S.

GHOSTWRITING, collaboration. Any type non-fiction writing for which you have a market. Box 731-S.

MANUSCRIPTS INTELLIGENTLY TYPED: mimeographing; superior workmanship. Jene Stern, 347 Madison Avenue, New York, MU 4-0087.

CARTOONISTS' "GAGSTER" Topical Service. Free details. Box 80-S.

YOUNG NEW YORKER would exchange French for English conversation, pronunciation. Box 732-S.

WHO WILL BRIGHTEN YOUNG MAN'S FUTURE with employment in a sunny clime offering something new, different, average intelligence, single, willing travel, light outdoor work under supervision desired, will consider anything? Box 733-S.

I SUIT YOU TO A TEA! Be it China Congou ($3.50 pound, postpaid, U. S.) or some other type, you are assured of the best available tea, packed for you when ordered. Henry F. Semke, Purveyor of Fine Teas, Oceanside, N. Y.

BOOKS—Used, rare and out-of-print. Millions in stock. Send lists or mention interests. American Antiquarian Booksellers, 529 South Melville, Philadelphia 43, Pa.

INDEXING. Books, magazines, newspapers. A specialized service at reasonable rates. Your inquiry is solicited. Box 557-S.

STIMULATING FEMININE CORRESPONDENCE welcomed by lackadaisical male. Box 704-S.

MATURE WEST COAST WOMAN wishes correspondence intelligent man, home-lover, interested walking, natural foods, good books. Box 734-S.

WHY RISQUE A TRIP TO PARIS when you can revel in the delights of Montmartre at home and taste the pre-war Paris gaité in the unique pictures and exotic pages of La Vie Parisienne? Single issues, $2.50; 5 copies $10. Bound volumes, 26 issues $30. Box 466-S.

YOUNG WOMAN, experienced bookselling desires part-time position in book shop, New York City. Box 735-S.

VETERANS—Have you read that frank, dramatic sexposé of Yanks in England, James Allen's "We Always Come Back"? $1 the copy. Peyton Paul, 212 West 82 Street, New York 24.

ARTICLES, BOOKS, FICTION, PLAYS, MARKETED. Bertha Klausner, 130 East 40 Street, New York 16.

YOUNG WEST COAST WOMAN, Zionist, fun-loving and gay, invites male correspondence. Box 736-S.

YOUNG EXPLORER plans leisurely auto trip through Mexico. Will take two or three people, share expenses. References exchanged. Box 739-S.

PERSONALS

ARE YOU CLEVER enough to play Qubic, the three-dimensional game? A pleasant challenge to the analytical mind. Better stores, or $3.50 postpaid. Duplicon Company, Hopkinton, Mass.

INTRODUCE YOUR FINEST, newest products to 250 choosy guests from the world over. Grand View Hotel, Lake Placid, N. Y.

EFFICIENT, CAPABLE WOMAN, 30's, cultural background, seeks position housekeeper with congenial family. References. New York or vicinity. Box 576-S.

"GREEN SHADOWS," Lyme, Connecticut, quiet, informal country life; good food, comfortable beds.

ENJOY OLD WORLD CHARM in America's oldest city. Valencia Hotel, St. Augustine, Florida.

CLASSIFIED

BOOKS

ALFRED F. GOLDSMITH, 42 Lexington Avenue, N. Y. C. First editions, good books. Books by and about Walt Whitman.

OLD, RARE, RECENT, OUT-OF-PRINT. Large Stock on hand of fiction, literature, Americana, sets occult, biographies, etc. Quotations free. Catalogs issued. Inquiries solicited. PYETELL'S BOOK SHOP—Mount Vernon, N. Y.

BOOKS ON THE EAST. China, Japan, Indo-China, the East Indies, India, Central Asia, Persia, Arabia, Egypt, the South Seas, etc. All subjects; all languages. Send for catalogue 128 and supplement, and, if possible, visit our shop where you will see scores of books for every one catalogued. Established 1920. Orientalia, Inc., 47 West 47 St., N. Y. C. 19.

SEND FOR OUR FREE CATALOG. Thousands of good books. Careful attention given to library orders. MIDWEST BOOK COMPANY, 608 West 60 Street, Chicago, Illinois.

HEINRICH HEINE. Juedisches Manifest, eine Auswahl aus seinen Schriften, Briefen, und Gespraechen. With annotations by Hugo Bieber. Second, enlarged edition of "Confessio Judaica." 340 pages—Cloth—$4.00. Mary S. Rosenberg, Publisher, Bookseller and Importer, 100 West 72 Street, New York 23—Dept. 22.

OUT-OF-PRINT

RARE, RECENT, AND OLD BOOKS. We can find them. Belwin Book Service, P. O. Box 41, Sunnyside, L. I., N. Y.

OUT-OF-PRINT Books supplied. Send us your lists. Quick, efficient service. Reasonable prices. Free catalog. MID-WEST BOOK SERVICE, 18870 Marx Avenue, Detroit 3, Michigan.

CHALLENGE US TO LOCATE those "Hard-to-Find" books you want! Spotlight, 141 Broadway, N. Y. C.

OUT-OF-PRINT or HARD-TO-FIND BOOKS supplied. Write stating "Wants." No obligation. Opal's Book Service, Westbury, N. Y.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBER MAGAZINE SPECIALISTS. Established 1889. Abraham's Magazine Service, 56 East 13 Street, N. Y.

BOOKS FOR SALE

IF YOU HAVE EXHAUSTED Eastern markets in your efforts to locate scarce, unusual, and rare books, why not write to H. H. Evans, Bookseller, 1157 Sutter Street, San Francisco 9, California? He has the best stock of used books West of the Mississippi.

ENCYCLOPEDIA & JR. ENCYCLOPEDIA specialists. Write for price list. Literary Mart, 8 East 33 Street, New York.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOK SHOP, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's only French Bookshop where French Books ONLY are sold exclusively. Mail order catalogues, 20c. Books bought.

WE PAY CASH for French books, complete libraries and smaller groups. Correspondence invited. FRENCH BOOK SHOP, 85 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

CLASSIFIED

LIBRAIRIE LIPTON. The French Book Shop, 791 Lexington Avenue, New York 21. Formerly 4 Place de l'Odeon, Paris. Dealer in French books exclusively; all subjects bought and sold.

ART BOOKS

FROM THE PRIMITIVE TO PICASSO. Imported art books. The great painters, graphic artists and sculptors in scarce editions. Catalogues issued. ARTBOOK IMPORTS, 381 Bleecker Street, New York 14. WA 9-2425.

LITERARY SERVICES

MANUSCRIPTS EXPERTLY TYPED. Reasonable. Irene Herlocker. 6346 Jefferson, Hammond, Indiana.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING: INTELLIGENT, prompt, inexpensive. Ambassador Office Service, 17 East 48 St., NYC, PL 3-1364.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED. Expert, reasonable, prompt, Sara Rice, 216 West 102 Street, NYC. RI 9-1644.

TWENTY-THREE IMPORTANT services for all writers, available to members. Write for information. NATIONAL WRITERS CLUB, Denver 2, Colorado.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING SERVICE—Manuscripts excellently typed. Intelligent personal attention. PAULINE RESNIKOFF, 137 East 35 Street, N. Y. C. LE 2-4770.

THE WELL-DRESSED MANUSCRIPT. Fifty cents a thousand. Slips of the pen corrected. Asa Wilgus, Millbrook, New York.

LAURENCE ROBERTS, Literary Agent. Stories, novels, articles, books, marketed, criticized, revised. Our writers sell. 33 West 42 Street, New York 18, N. Y.

ELEANOR KING literary agent, books, stories, novels, plays, screen, all languages, marketed. 19 West 44, New York 18.

MANUSCRIPT CRITICISM, EDITING, RE-WRITING, LAYOUTS. Wide experience. Marie H. Doyle, 341 Madison Avenue, New York 17, MU 6-7096.

AUTHORS ATTENTION—We are considering adding to our list of publications acceptable manuscripts of prose and poetry. MOSHER PRESS, 85 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

PROFESSIONAL WRITERS' PROJECT. Group of distinguished authors and editors have organized to offer their services. Top-flight authors and leading publishing houses come to us with confidence for editing, rewrite and research. Staff includes such established writers as Sophie Kerr, well-known fiction writer; Howard Richardson, Broadway playwright, ("Dark of the Moon"); William Allen (formerly an editor of "Reader's Digest") and others. 475 Fifth Avenue, NYC. Phone MU 3-1093.

EDITING, REVISION, GHOST-WRITING; labor, psychology, economics, fiction. Box 422-S or WO 2-5827, NYC, 2-6 PM.

MANUSCRIPT TYPIST. Accurate. Rapid. Editorial experience. May Wiederhorn, 3999 Third Avenue, Zone 57, New York.

LANGUAGES

FRENCH phonetics, grammar, conversation, diction, by Parisienne. (Sorbonne University) RE 7-4606, N. Y. C.

29 LANGUAGES by LINGUAPHONE. Russian, Spanish, French, German. Direct conversational method for mastering any language quickly, easily, correctly at home. Available under GI Bill of Rights. Send for Free book. Linguaphone Institute, 26 RCA Bldg., New York 20. CI 7-0830.

ALL LANGUAGE PHONOGRAPH COURSES, all makes. Sold, bought, rented. Alin, 475 Fifth Avenue, NYC, MU 3-1093.

LANGUAGE SERVICE CENTER, Div. of Schoenhof's Foreign Books, Inc., Harvard Sq., Cambridge 38, Mass. Established 1936. All record courses. Also books in all languages. Booklet SRL.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOG. Several hundred beautiful designs. Address "Bookplates," Yellow Springs, Ohio.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 668

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

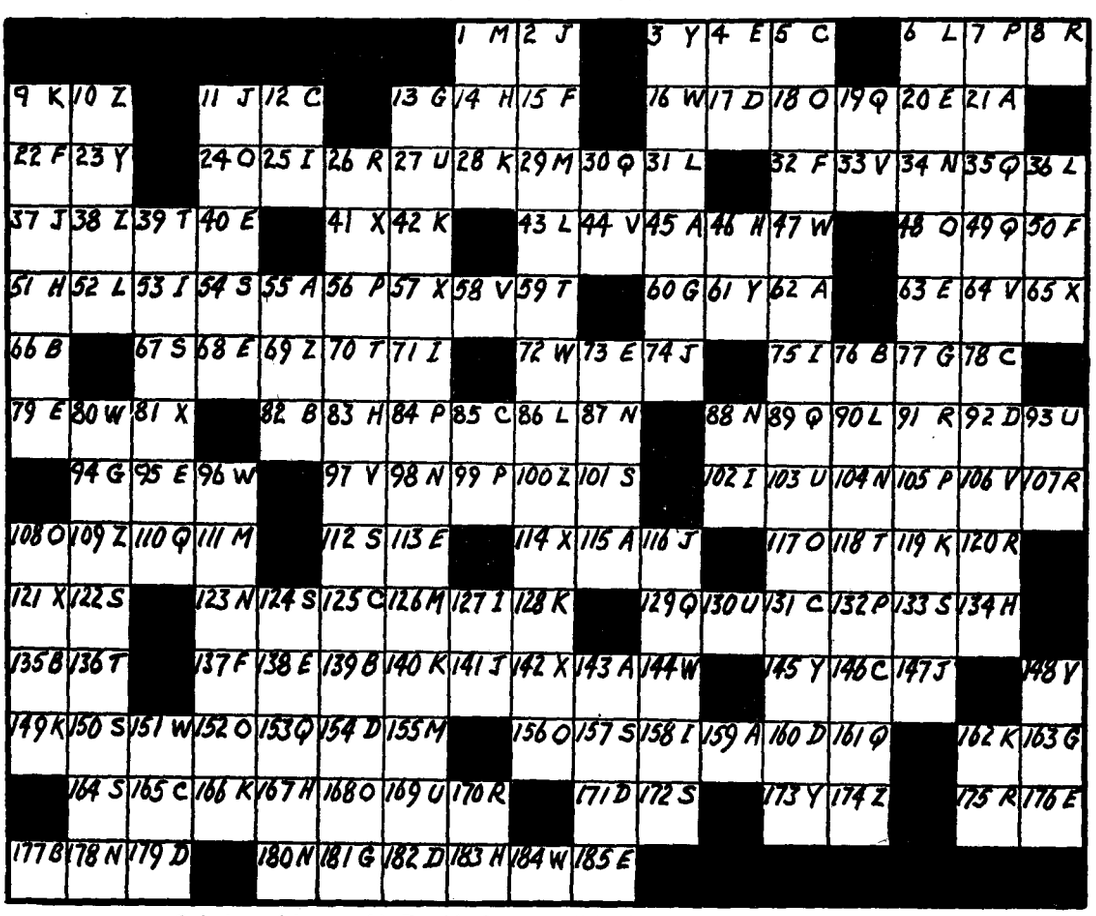
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. English satirist who caused a sensation with "The Pursuits of Literature" (1794).	45 159 62 115 143 55 21
B An indeclinable noun (Gram.).	139 82 135 76 66 177
C. American statesman, one of first two Senators from New York (1789-91; 1797-8).	5 125 146 131 12 85 78 165
D. Based on self-delusion, as a policy or attitude.	182 154 179 17 171 160 92
E. Landsmaal (2 wds.).	95 185 79 113 68 138 63 40 20 73 4 176
F. Poem by Byron, subtitled "A Venetian Story" (1818).	137 15 32 50 22
G. A piccadill, worn about 1600.	77 181 60 94 13 163
H. River god who pursued Arethusa (Gr. Myth.); first name of author in this D.-C.	46 51 183 14 167 83 134
I. Wandering.	158 102 75 127 71 53 25
J. At the first onset (Fr.).	141 116 74 11 37 147 2
K. Father of Alcmene and grandfather of Hercules (Gr. Myth.).	166 128 9 119 162 149 42 28 140
L. Character in "Cymbeline."	86 90 31 43 36 6 52
M. English essayist and wit, originator of Mrs. Partington (1771-1845).	111 29 126 155 1

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Fruits of *Prunus armeniaca*.	88 180 178 34 87 98 104 123
O. Roused; nursed to life or activity.	117 18 156 24 108 152 48 168
P. Vigorous; sound.	99 7 84 105 132 56
Q. Wide-extending.	153 49 89 129 19 110 30 35 161
R. Prone to agitation of the feelings.	107 170 26 91 175 8 120
S. Opera by Boito, based on "Faust."	67 150 122 112 172 54 124 164 133 101 157
T. In the past (Poetic).	118 39 136 59 70
U. Being stylish or smart (Slang).	27 169 103 130 93
V. A variety of Old World tropical grass cultivated for sirup, forage, etc.	106 58 33 148 64 44 97
W. The line of high tide.	184 80 47 96 16 151 144 72
X. King of Lycia, who sent Bellerophon to kill the Chimaera (Gr. Myth.).	57 121 41 65 114 142 81
Y. A judicial sentence or opinion (Hindu and Moham. Law).	23 61 145 3 173
Z. Wife of Capaneus, of the Seven against Thebes, who perished in his funeral pyre (Gr. Myth.).	38 69 100 10 174 109

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 18 of this issue.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JOHN HERSEY

These Famous Authors—and 289 Others

INVITE YOU TO ACCEPT A FIRST EDITION COPY OF '47 THEIR OWN MAGAZINE

FREE!

TAYLOR CALDWELL

JOHN DOS PASSOS

OGDEN NASH

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

PEARL S. BUCK

WALTER LIPPMANN

ILKA CHASE

ROBERT ST. JOHN

ELMER DAVIS

RAYMOND SWING

'47 The Magazine of the Year

The best way we can tell you about this fine new magazine is to send you the first issue, free! Mail coupon for your copy now, before the edition is all "spoken for."

WE believe there is a place in your life for a magazine such as *'47*. That is why we would like to send you—absolutely *free*—a copy of *'47's* magnificent first issue.

Sponsored by 300 of America's best-loved writers, commentators, painters, illustrators and photographers, *'47* already has been acclaimed by both "Time" and "Newsweek" as the "most talked-about publishing venture of the year." It is the first great national magazine completely controlled by its *contributors!*

We have had space on this page for only a partial list of the famous men and women who have created *'47* for you. Imagine an every-month "all-star cast" of the calibre of John Hersey—Walter Lippmann—Pearl S. Buck—John Dos Passos—Virgil Partch—Christopher Morley—Gjon Mili—Irving Stone—John Steinbeck—Morris Markey—Stuart Cloete—Taylor Caldwell—Raymond Swing—Mary Petty—Marquis Childs—Robert St. John—Adolf Dehn—Jay Franklin—Ilka Chase—Ellery Queen—Elmer Davis—Yousuf Karsh—Sigmund Spaeth—C. S. Forester—and 276 others equally regarded in literary, journalistic and art circles!

'47 Has No "Taboos"

Scintillating 160-page monthly issues (which contain no advertising), bring you for the first time the stories, experiences and ideas these great writers have always yearned to tell you. In *'47* contributors, editors and readers alike are free to speak their minds without the necessity of respecting *anyone's* taboos.

A Magazine That Doesn't "Talk Down" to Its Readers

'47 believes the ordinary citizen is an *adult* human being. It will be edited, written and published for intelligent people. Each issue will bring you a stirring and significant cross-section of life—both next door and a continent away.

'47 will contain no condensations, no rehashes, no digests. It will offer no second-hand literature, no assembly-line culture. Every item will be fresh—new—clear—straightforward. Everything you read in *'47* you will read *only* in *'47*. We will not reprint from other publications. With rare exceptions, they will not be permitted to reprint from us.

Do you pride yourself on knowing—at first hand—the Who . . . What . . . When . . . Where . . . Why and How of the world we live in? *'47's* enthralling monthly issues will contribute to your awareness in fiction and in fact—in words and in pictures—in sober discourse and in high good humor.

As Up-to-Date As Its Ever-Changing Title

From every viewpoint, *'47* is a new concept in magazine publishing. You've never known before a magazine so alert to progress, so keyed to the spirit of the times, that it *dares* to change its name along with the calendar! At the end of its first year, *'47* becomes *'48*. Then *'49*. And so on. But always *The Magazine of the Year.*

Your First Edition Copy Is Free

Although *'47* will be, for its size, the *most expensive-to-print magazine* in the United States, its 300 co-owners—among them America's most distinguished writers, photographers, painters and illustrators—prefer that you actually sample at least one monthly issue *before you consider* whether or not you would like to subscribe. That is why, in this special Pre-Publication offer, *they invite you to accept a Preview Copy* of the first issue free.

With your First Edition copy of *'47* we will reserve a year's Charter Subscription in your name—which you may accept or cancel as you please. You are not obligated to accept. The decision is entirely with you.

You therefore have nothing whatever to lose by requesting a copy of the very first issue of *'47*—which will be mailed to you soon after the turn of the year and *before the magazine is placed on sale at newsstands.*

First Edition Is Limited

We do not know how great the demand will be for First Edition copies of *'47*. We have tried to cover our estimated needs in our initial print order, but it is possible that in response to this and other announcements we will be swamped with requests for the first issue. Naturally it will not be practical to reprint. So, after the First Edition is "spoken for," we will have to place the names of latecomers on our list to receive the second issue. To be sure of receiving the *first* issue, which is likely to become a "collector's item," we urge you to mail the coupon at once.

'47 - THE MAGAZINE OF THE YEAR 1SRL
68 West 45th St., New York 19, N. Y.

Please send me—*free*—the Preview Copy of *'47's* first issue and enter my name as a Charter Subscriber, entitling me to 12 additional monthly issues for $4. I reserve the right to cancel my subscription if I am not entirely pleased. In any case, I may keep the first issue *without cost or obligation.*

If more than one year subscription is desired place X in one of the squares at the right. ☐ **2 yrs.—$7.50** ☐ **3 yrs.—$10.00**

Name.....
PLEASE PRINT

Street Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

☐ I will send the subscription fee later, when you bill me.
☐ I enclose remittance now. In consideration of the clerical saving, you are to extend my service for an additional issue for each year of the subscription period.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED